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Orchestra



60. HAVEN OF REST QUARTET



62. PAUL McNUTT
Baritone Solos



64. JOS. BARCLAY
Tenor Solos



66. ARNIE HARTMAN
Accordian Solos



67. RUDY ATWOOD
Piano & Strings



69. RAY ROBLES
Baritone Solos



70. TONY FONTAINE
Tenor & Quartet



71. EARLE ANDERSON
Baritone Solos



76. JAMES KING
CHORUS
Songs of Loveless



78. JACK CONNER
Marimba & Orch.



79. MILLIE PACE TRIO
Gospel Songs



81. OLD FASH'D REV. HOUR CHOIR



83. PAUL CARSON
Organ—Favorite Gospel Songs



84. GORDON WOODBURN
Baritone Solos



85. LORIN WHITNEY
Organ, Violin, Harp



86. OLD FASH'D REV. HOUR QUARTET



87. MARCY TIGNER
Trombone & Organ



88. SKY PILOT CHOIR
Gospel Songs



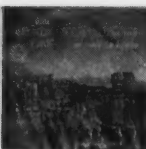
89. LONDON FESTIVALS
Male Choir



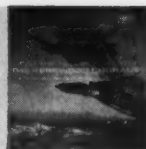
90. GLENN SPAULDING
Whistling Preacher



43. RALPH CARMICHAEL
Orchestra



44. A CAPPELLA CHOIR
Great Hymns



45. KERRWOOD CHORALIERS
College Choir



46. JOHN WEBB
Bass Solos



50. LOIS & KENNY IRWIN
Vocal Duets



52. WOMEN'S CHORUS
Songs of F. Crosby



53. MITSELFELT CHORALE
Anthems



55. HELEN WHITTINGTON
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NOTE: If you own a Stereo record player, we recommend that you join the Stereo Division. Remember—Stereo records can be played only with Stereo equipment.

If you do not wish to mar this cover—use extra coupon on page 46

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1 ~~\$2.75~~ **Worth of** *for* **Only 25¢** **Greeting Cards** *Only* **for Christmas and All Occasions**

2 Full details on how to earn, in spare time, **\$50 to \$250** between now and Christmas

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Mail valuable "Christmas Money" Coupon at top of page now — with ONLY 25¢ for your big \$2.75 Giant box of cards. It's yours to KEEP whether or not you do anything further about the Doehla "Extra Money" Plan! Address: *Harry Doehla and Associates, Studio C27, Nashua, N. H., or St. Louis 1, Mo., or Palo Alto, Calif. (Address office nearest you.)*

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JULY, 1961

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational...dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy, co-operation with all who seek a more Christian world.

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ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

NEXT MONTH

The D-Bomb Has Hit America! warns Howard Whitman. And what's the D-bomb? America's rocketing divorce rate, which has disintegrated more homes than all our wars put together. If you think only the recently weds are threatened, you're in for another shock: divorce is breaking up more and more marriages after ten or even 20 years. This is something you need to know about in order to help those less happily married than yourself. (And if you *have* marital problems, here is sane advice that may save your marriage.) In addition, a woman who was an active churchmember tells how her divorce caused her friends to turn their backs—**When the Church Failed Me**. Also, you learn how 23 denominations feel about divorce for laity and clergy.

Earl L. Douglass, eminent Presbyterian and author of the **Douglass Lesson Commentary**, writes about one of the strangest

figures of religion—Emmanuel Swedenborg. Mystic, inventor, scientist, he founded the church that bears his name. Don't miss **Religious Offbeat**.

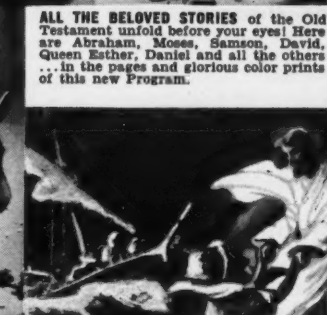
Loula Grace Erdman, one of the great writers of Texas and a longtime friend of **CHRISTIAN HERALD** readers, introduces you to the wonderful people she met on her trip to Italy and shares with you the invaluable secrets for relaxed, satisfying living she found. **They Know What Time Is For**—and so will you.

Biggest contest of **CHRISTIAN HERALD's** history is pointed at Sunday-school teachers, who are invited to tell **Why I Teach Sunday School**. The winning teacher receives a free enrollment in **CHRISTIAN HERALD's** 1962 Tour to the Holy Land and Europe! Watch for announcement of the contest and the tour next month.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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1. A set of magnificent color prints of Bible paintings by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck and other masters - plus paintings by famous living artists. Each has an adhesive backing, ready for mounting.

2. A beautiful story album (10,000 words) in which to assemble your Color Prints. This Album - filled with exciting pictures - recounts The Birth of Our Saviour as a thrilling narrative. You see the first Christmas... King Herod's plot... the escape of the Holy Family... and much more.

3. A huge pictorial Bible Map of the Holy Land - 2 x 3 1/4 feet in size, alive with

color pictures of over 50 great moments from the Bible.

After enjoying your Introductory Package, you may wish to continue with the Program for a while. In coming months you will be receiving more Story Albums about the life of Christ and His Apostles... and colorful Old Testament adventure albums of stirring battles... gallant men and women... wise men and kings! And, each step of the way, the family will grow closer to the Lord through the stories and teachings in the Holy Bible.

The cost of this Program is surprisingly low. For each monthly shipment you will be billed only \$1.00 plus a few cents to help cover shipping. But there is no obligation to go on with the Program when you accept your Introductory Package for 10¢. You may cancel any time.

EXTRA BONUS GIFT! A handsome case, ideal for preserving your albums, will be sent later to those who wish to continue. Mail coupon to: Know Your Bible Program, Dept. 1-XH-7, Garden City, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10¢ NOW!

KNOW YOUR BIBLE PROGRAM,
Dept. 1-XH-7, Garden City, N. Y.

Please rush my introductory package described above for which I enclose only 10¢ to help cover shipping. Also enroll me as a member in the "Know Your Bible" Program.

After examining this package, I may cancel membership simply by writing you within 10 days. In this case I may return everything and owe nothing. As a member I will receive a new "Know Your Bible" Album and set of full color prints every month for only \$1.00 each plus shipping. I do not have to take any minimum number of future Albums, and may resign any time I wish.

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PARENT'S SIGNATURE.....1-BP16

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LETTERS

Meditations to Music

The morning of April 6 after my husband grabbed his lunch sack, kissed me good-by and the children finally got off for school, I turned to the CHRISTIAN HERALD and read the Daily Meditation for the day. It flashed through my mind that the prayer would make a good choir response if set to music. The breakfast dishes were still on the table and my 3-year-old had not got up yet, so I turned to the piano, composed the response and jotted it down for our choir to sing at rehearsal that night. I then turned to my usual morning drudgeries and "buzzed" through the routine as if on wings.

Wichita, Kans.

ELINOR AIKEN

May Merits and Demerits

The May issue is one of the best issues I have ever seen.

Providence, R. I.

(REV.) MELVIN WHITE

... The articles were of the finest type.

Tampa, Fla.

(REV.) E. C. ABERNATHY

... The May number is the worst yet. I could see nothing in the several pages that would be of any help to teen-agers, except to let them know that pre-marital intercourse was the common practice now. Please go back to old-fashioned morals.

Masonville, N. Y.

MRS. AUSTIN GIFFORD

... A perfect article for young people ("When Love Says Wait"). Of all the books, etc., written, this article is a gem!

Sharon, Mass.

MRS. HAROLD HANNUM

... The best article on the subject I have seen—the most realistic presentation of Christian ideals of sex and the most idealistic guidance of the realities of the modern male-female relationship.

Beaver Dam, Wisc.

DR. E. M. KELLER

... I think all engaged couples ought to read it.

Kansas City, Mo.

(REV.) W. C. COULTER

... I have lived quite a while but I have read more filth in the CHRISTIAN HERALD in the last two issues than I have heard in many years. We speak of censoring the magazines on the street corners; that's a joke. If they can find anything that will equal the

HERALD I would love to see it. I would love to know the kind of women that contribute so much filth to the magazine. The things they talk about are for the home, their physician and the family. I do not want another issue. Please give my magazine to someone who is sex-inclined or in the penitentiary.

Smithfield, N. C.

MRS. E. E. NELMS

... It certainly is no magazine for ostriches.

Walla Walla, Wash.

MRS. HENRY MORGAN

... The problems which you have been dealing with in these recent articles are very real ones and simply "being alarmed about them" is not enough.

Hyerstown, Pa.

REV. ROBERT P. LONGENECKER

... Thanks for being clear, concise and honest on a subject that needs to be brought to all America.

Shelbyville, Tenn.

REV. H. D. ESTES

... We have two teen-age girls, they have read it, so we are lending our copy to their friends to read also. I wish the article could be passed out to all high school students.

Birmingham, Mich.

MRS. J. BRANCH MOSELY

... The article seems to sum up the best of many books and gives such a wonderful Christian idealism that I feel it simply must be put in print that could have a wide circulation. I feel this so keenly I am sure my church would be willing to assist in the initial printing.

Worland, Wyo. REV. R. F. GOFF

• See also Guest Editorial on p. 19. Reprints of "When Love Says Wait" by Irene Soehren are available at 3 copies for 25¢, 6¢ each in quantities of 100 or more. Address: CHRISTIAN HERALD Reprint Dept., 27 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Chicken Upside Down Dumpling

The amount of oleomargarine in the Chicken Upside Down Cake recipe (*Food Page, May*) should have been 2½ cups instead of 6 tablespoons. However, do not worry about it, as we tried it this way and found the batter turned out to be very nice, more like a steamed dumpling rather than a biscuit. Now I think it is even more tasty than the original batter.

Berea, Ky.

RICHARD T. HOUGEN

• Sorry. We wouldn't presume to improve on Southern biscuits!

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Three runaways win all hearts in "a small masterpiece"



Just published, **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** is already in its 5th large printing

By now you must have heard about these three runaways. The story of their incredible journey has become the talk of the book world. Now that this valiant trio — the Labrador, the old bull terrier and the Siamese — are becoming famous, it is easy to say that anybody might have guessed they would. But when they were just names in a typewritten manuscript it was not so certain.

The publisher felt that the story of these inseparable pets, who made their hazardous journey homeward across two hundred and fifty miles of Canadian wilderness, had the magic touch that makes a book about animals unique. The editors believed that the adventurous trio would find a warm welcome in readers' hearts. And with these high hopes **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** was accepted for publication. The type was set. Proofs were pulled. Then, for the first time, a few people outside the publishing house were able to read the book.



First among them was one of America's most notable booksellers. She read **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** and returned the proofs with the assertion that she intended to make sure personally that every one of her customers bought a copy, took it home, read it and let every member of the family read it.

Next, recognition came from an entirely different quarter. A national magazine with a circulation in the millions decided to publish a part of **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY**, making it the top fiction feature in a single issue.

Shortly after this good news, pre-publication copies of **THE INCREDIBLE**

JOURNEY were sent out to well-known writers, naturalists, booksellers and librarians for comment. The responses that came back were a publisher's dream. **THORNTON W. BURGESS** wrote: "Frankly I would like to have written this book. Nature lovers, dog and cat lovers, will all thoroughly enjoy the individual characters in their unfamiliar surroundings. A minor classic is in the making." . . . **FRANCES LOCKRIDGE** wrote: "Beautifully written, as suspenseful as a mystery story." . . . **MARIANNE MOORE** wrote: "Well-named; an affectionate book." . . . **JOHN KIERAN** wrote: "I found it a delightful cat and dog fairy tale with a wonderful natural background."

All were enthusiastic. Their enthusiasm was summed up by one librarian who wrote: "A wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful book."

Weeks before publication, word about **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** spread through the nation's bookstores and libraries. As orders for the book piled up, a second printing was called for, then a third, then a fourth. It began to look like a stampede — and it was.

On the publication of **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY**, reviewers all over the country shared their enthusiasm with the reading public. Brief excerpts cannot do the reviews justice but they can give you an idea of the book's excitement.

"A classic of its kind. Danger and suspense mount implacably . . . on every page is a zest, a gayety of heart that belongs alone to the valiant."

— *Chicago Tribune*



"A small masterpiece. **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** is a book for adults and a book adults will want to read to children. So well are the dogs and the cat portrayed that every reader will gain three new lovable pets with distinct personalities. Carl Burger's excellent illustrations add to making this one of the best animal stories in many years."

— *JOHN BEECROFT, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Throughout this lovingly told account of intense drama and suspense, is the keynote of courage and devotion . . . All ages will love this book, a fine one for family reading out loud."

— *Christian Science Monitor*

"A quite incredible book — a beautiful story, beautifully written, and so moving that it stays in the mind constantly and makes one go back again and again to read certain passages." — *St. Louis Post Dispatch*



This is the incredible story of **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** up to now. It looks as though the fifth printing will be followed by many more in the months and, indeed, the years to come, as the story wins a permanent place in the hearts of readers everywhere. You will find **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** in all bookstores and book departments. (\$3.75) Get a copy tomorrow. You'll always be glad you did.

JUST RECEIVED

This letter from
"Elsa's Camp" in Kenya

"I read **THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY** with much interest and enjoyment. Obviously the author has a great knowledge of the ways of animals and a profound love for them."
— *JOY ADAMSON, author of Born Free.*

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

by Sheila Burnford

12 full-page illustrations by Carl Burger
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book



LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • Boston

Gabriel Courier Interprets the News

MEETING: First reaction of some Americans to word of the intended Kennedy-Khrushchev meeting was one of dismay. Following Cuba, Laos, South Korea, Algeria, it looked as if the U.S. were throwing in the sponge, they worried. But there's another side to the story. First, remember that President Kennedy is doing *at least* as much worrying as you are! He was not dashing over to Vienna to give the U.S. away. Second, though we've had something less than a series of resounding successes in international relations this year, this is of itself cause for a meeting. Russia needs to know that our weakness is not one of purpose. Were Mr. Khrushchev to assume we are coming apart at the seams, misjudging our muscle and moral fiber, *that's* the quickest route to war. To let stand the impression that we are vulnerable would be the rankest kind of brinkmanship!

DeGAULLE: The army uprising against French President Charles deGaulle indicates not only the passionate resistance of Algerian Frenchmen to self-determination (which inevitably will give substantial control to the Moslems, who outnumber Algerians of European origin). It's not a matter of the colonizers versus natives. Many of the whites are as native as you can get; they were born here; they have known no other homes—a fact which though it doesn't justify anything, explains a lot (both here and in South Africa). The generals' rebellion indicates also that somebody with money is backing their cause. A story out of Bern, Switzerland, surmises that funds came from a special private trust fund created in 1951 by businessmen in Germany, France and Italy to finance anti-Communist campaigns in Europe. These backers are afraid that if France loses Algeria, Russia will take over. They are likely to try for another coup. They do not seem to recognize that if they manage to overthrow deGaulle, France itself—a ripe plum—may be shaken neatly into the Communist apron.

JOHN BIRCH: Speaking of unintended by-products brings us back to these shores and to the John Birch Society, a curious group that has been receiving an amount of praise and castigation out of all proportion to its significance, in our opinion. Exaggerated statements by any group bring it into disrepute, and we'd call the tagging of Dwight Eisenhower and his brother Milton as Communist agents the acme of exaggeration.

You can get so far right that you come full-sphere around to where the leftists are working equally hard to smash U.S. unity and destroy confidence in church as well as state! On the other hand, what shall it profit a man if he feels he must be pro-Communist in order to prove he is anti-Birch?

Democracy can be killed as dead by extreme rightists as by extreme leftists—and vice versa.

SPACE: This reporter will not soon forget the emotional impact made by the radio broadcast giving a moment by moment report of the swift ride of Navy Commander Alan B. Shepard, Jr., to the edge of the universe and back. We were glad, for one thing, that Commander Shepard was safe; the government's all-or-nothing publicity policy had paid off—it was *all*. We were glad also for his achievement—and that radio let us ride along with this modern Columbus. Astronaut Shepard deserves all the credit he received, as did Flight Major Yuri Gagarin a few weeks before him. But it offers some kind of commentary on the applauders when the applause goes only to the man who rides the capsule, none to the scientists, engineers, workmen, who built it. The next time there's a parade, how about letting them march, too? Ever stop to think it's always the unsung workers who go out on strike? Make 'em into sung heroes, and maybe there would be an end to labor troubles at Cape Canaveral (and elsewhere!).

While we're at it, we want to report that it cost you and every other U.S. citizen \$2.25 to get Commander Shepard up and back. Total cost was \$400

million. To get a man to the moon has been estimated at up to \$40 billion. Your share: \$225. Worth it to you?

COUNCIL: "Biggest" news of late (though how one measures bigness, we aren't quite sure) is the application of the Russian Orthodox Church for membership in the World Council of Churches. This will be acted upon at the WCC's Third Assembly, to be held November 18 to December 6 at New Delhi, India. Two-thirds of the 176 Protestant, Anglican and Eastern Orthodox church bodies from more than 50 countries will have to approve, if the application is to be accepted and Russian Orthodox delegates seated at the assembly. Requirement is that applicants "accept our Lord Jesus Christ as God and Saviour." Patriarch Alexei says that his church does.

Reaction ranged from the "high hopes" of former WCC president Henry Knox Sherrill that approval would be forthcoming to outright chagrin by others that these "pawns of the Kremlin" may be admitted into the fold. Archbishop Isakovos of New York, head of the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of North and South America, took the more populated middle ground: he would be happy about it if he were sure their intentions were "purely religious." (What a sobering sermon there is in that always-impossible wish, "If I were sure!") He added, "I wouldn't like the World Council to become an instrument for either anti-Roman Catholic propaganda or Pax-Soviet propaganda. I would like the World Council to stay as it is and to get stronger—stronger in spiritual power and not in temporal power." Amen to that last!

HYMN FOR THE SPACE AGE

A new songbook for children, *Sing for Joy*, was published last month by the Seabury Press, publishing house of the Protestant Episcopal Church. One hymn, "They Blaze a Pathway to the Moon,"* is of special interest just now. Set to the Ellacomb melody (Wirttemberg 1783), it's a hymn to send anyone's soul soaring:

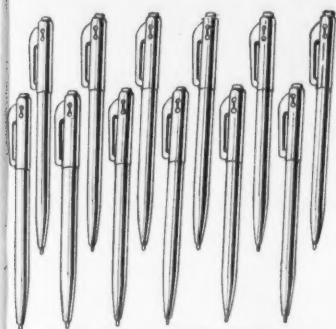
They blaze a pathway to the moon,
The heroes of the hour.
They make the outer darkness feel
Man's growing, mighty power.

They move through God's enormous
home
Of stars and world and space
Away beyond this earth we know
And still within His grace.

God sees them go: He goes with them,
His thoughts in every mind,
His atoms everywhere, His light,
His breath in all mankind.
How could we go away from God?
To Him no place is far,
For God, who made this world of ours,
Made all the worlds that are.

*Written and copyrighted
by Victoria Saffelle Johnson

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| <input type="checkbox"/> What a Friend We Have in Jesus | <input type="checkbox"/> Nearer, My God To Thee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> In The Garden | <input type="checkbox"/> Amazing Grace |
| <input type="checkbox"/> How Great Thou Art | <input type="checkbox"/> Jesus, |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sweet Hour Of Prayer | <input type="checkbox"/> Lover Of My Soul |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Abide With Me | <input type="checkbox"/> Beyond the Sunset |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Blessed Assurance |



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**“Because I was nervous—a ‘Grumpy Grandpa’—
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“The doctor didn’t think so. He asked if I’d been sleeping well. I hadn’t. Then he asked if I’d been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can’t take the caffeine in coffee and I’m one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It’s 100% caffeine-free—can’t make you nervous or keep you awake.

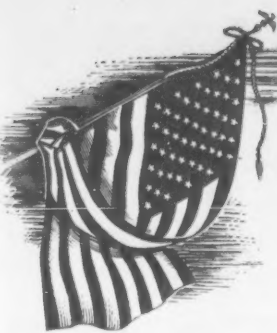
“Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you’re not on edge, you have lots more patience. I’m sold on Postum—I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!”

Postum is 100% coffee-free



Another fine product of General Foods

CHRISTIAN HERALD



THE FLAG SPEAKS

By DANIEL A. POLING

THE IMMORTAL Henry Ward Beecher wrote of Old Glory, "A thoughtful mind when it sees a nation's flag sees not the flag but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history that belong to the nation that sets it forth."

President Wilson said, "This flag, which we honor and under which we serve, is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it."

The Stars and Stripes was immediately preceded by the Grand Union Flag, sometimes called the First Navy Ensign, and also the Cambridge Flag. The latter name was associated with the raising of the flag by General Washington on January 2, 1776, at Cambridge, Mass. He unfurled it there as a standard of the Continental Army. The canton with its crosses of St. George and St. Andrew represented what the colonials still regarded as their connection with the Mother Country. The final severance of those ties brought about the substitution of the white stars in a blue field for the crosses.

There were, of course, many other flags recognized at various times by the several colonies and flown from ships of war or borne by military organizations. Perhaps the most famous of these was the Rattlesnake Flag—the rattlesnake coiled on a yellow field with the words, "Don't tread on me," at its base.

In the War of 1812 Oliver Hazard Perry unfurled from his masthead the dying words of Captain James Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship." And beneath that ensign our sailors and marines fought and won the historic engagement on Lake Erie from which Perry sent the never-to-be-forgotten message: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." While the little fleet was constructed in feverish haste from virgin timber, the flag itself was ordered by Perry and completed some time before the historic engagement took place. The Pine Tree Flag, the Beaver Flag and many others complete the heroic ensemble which blend into the colors and are united in the spirit of Old Glory.

It was on June 14, 1777, that the Continental Congress resolved, "That the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternately red and white, and the union be 13 stars of white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

The new flag was adopted by the Continental Congress nearly one year after the

(Continued on page 16)

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the Story behind the **PEACE CORPS**

By CURTIS MITCHELL

P. I. P. PHOTOS





American and African students make cement blocks for a school in Dahomey under Operation Cross-roads—Africa.

Opposite page: In Bhopal, near New Delhi, an American instructs Indians in the use of new farming equipment.

CRITICS of the new U.S. Peace Corps call it a boondoggle, an idealist's nightmare, a children's crusade. Sponsors retort that it is long overdue and affords a chance for American youths to apply their ideals of democracy and brotherhood. All must agree that its finest moment will come when—and if—it destroys and replaces the image of the "ugly American."

The Peace Corps idea is little understood. Many people are asking, "What are the Corps members going to do?" The better question is, "What are Corps members going to be?"

Madame Rajkumair Amrit Kaur, minister of health and head of the Red Cross of India, talked about the Peace Corps with Sargent Shriver, brother-in-law of President Kennedy and Corps director. She told him, "If we are to have peace, we must serve each other. Only through service can man find himself. It is not that others need you, but that you need others."

Serving others has been the ideal of many American citizens for the 151 years since our first Christian missionaries sailed overseas. Their initial and primary objective was to save souls, but soon they were also offering agriculture, medicine and education. Today, thousands of U.S. citizens of all ages are employed abroad by mission boards, the government and industry. Most of them are there because of their Christian compassion.

A young American went to Laos two years ago. One of his chores was to improve back country roads. Building a bridge, he tangled with a loose chain and crushed a leg. After its amputation, he was flown home to the United States. When he recovered, he bought an artificial leg and flew back to Laos and the people he loved. In all that troubled land, no prince is more venerated.

On the world's other side, the boys and girls of Sago in Ghana, West Africa, study each morning in a seven-room schoolhouse. Two years ago it did not exist. One

day last summer, a bus load of Americans settled down for a month of work and study. A score of Ghanaian students joined them. Before their month was out, their united strength had raised and roofed a miracle. When the visitors departed, men and women walked long miles to deliver gifts of eggs, chickens and firewood, which were more precious to them than frankincense and myrrh.

IN Tehran, capital city of Iran, one hears the name of an American nurse named Gay Currie. Because of her, 50 babies who once lived in filth now lie in clean bassinets, and many others have homes of their own. The story starts with the intense feeling in Iran toward an orphan or a child born out of wedlock. He is abhorred by the Koran and abandoned by civil law.

When Gay Currie, the (Continued on page 52)



College students from six countries build an Orthodox church for new village for Greek refugees, under World Council of Churches.

YOU can HELP WIN the COLD

- ★ **Do what you can to create friendly ties with families in other parts of the world.**
- ★ **Work to uphold the dignity of the individual in our own country.**
- ★ **Insist upon high ethical standards for yourself, your associates and elected officials.**
- ★ **Help prove that the American people really back the United Nations.**
- ★ **Ally yourself with all other believers by attending and supporting the church.**

MY WIFE ALICE and I are two ordinary U.S. citizens. Like most Americans, we thought for years that all we could do for the fate of the world was to pay and pray—no inconsiderable contributions, of course. But as far as our personal influence was concerned, we assumed that West Berlin, Laos, the Congo Republic, might as well be on the dark side of the moon.

Then something convinced us that we rank-and-file residents of U.S. communities have a vital—more than that, *indispensable*—part to play in helping to win the cold war. We've been working at a do-it-yourself defense of what we believe in. You can work at it, too.

We are not internationalists, world federalists, nor even stalwart do-gooders. I have my teaching, Alice has her housework. We enjoy our grandchildren. We are a run-of-the-mill, middle-aged, middle-class couple living in Miami, Florida. What put our ears up was a session of the World Federation of United Nations Associations that we attended in Warsaw, Poland, in September, 1960.

WAR

We came to two conclusions:

Conclusion 1: Nuclear war is unlikely unless provoked by Red China, but the Soviets plan to continue the cold war until we collapse. By fair means or foul, they intend to gain dominance of the major nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America. What is now happening in Latin America is a sample of their strategy.

If we drift along, we may find ourselves by 1970 encircled by Communists in Africa, Communists in Latin America, Communists in Japan, India, Indonesia and throughout Asia. Even today the United States has about 6 per cent of the world population, the Communists have 40 per cent, the rest of the world 54 per cent.

Some neutrals give us ten years. Some give us 20 years. Others predict that the Communists will overreach themselves and fall on their faces.

Conclusion 2: Our diplomats and statesmen may be able to hold their ground, but they alone will not be able to gain a clear-cut victory. We, the commonplace people of the United States (with a powerful assist from Canada and Western Europe) are going to win or lose the cold war by our everyday actions.

Why? Because the peoples of the rest of the world are more anxious about us as individuals than about pronouncements of our government. They would like to probe into our innate honesty of character; they wonder how we treat each other. Asians are especially desirous of discovering that we as individuals think of them as individuals. Citizens of Russia's satellite nations cannot conceal their desire to be liked, not disdained, by Americans. The United Nations

seems far more important to people in other countries than to the man on the street in the United States. They deeply fear that on some occasion our populace will prod our government into permitting the United Nations to wither away, leaving the non-nuclear nations defenseless against the mightier powers. They have not forgotten the fate of the League of Nations. Each fears that we as a people are somewhat indifferent to his particular nation.

Deeply disturbed by the above conclusions, Alice and I have started working on a program which, though it lacks drama, gives us the feeling that we are doing something to aid our country in a difficult period. We cannot help hoping that our tiny ripple may some day become a mighty wave.

ONE: We are doing what we can to create friendly ties with families in other parts of the world.

Hardly a week goes by without our writing at least one cordial letter to someone we have met or whose name we obtained who lives in India or Poland or Czechoslovakia, or Austria, Venezuela, Panama, Mexico or elsewhere. We exchange ideas about reaching for peace and explain how fervently we in the United States long for ironclad disarmament agreements which cannot be circumvented. We tell them about our children and grandchildren, and ask about theirs.

We are getting in touch with schools and young people's groups to encourage greater correspondence between U.S. students and those in other countries.

Thumb through, as we have, hundreds of charming letters from wide-eyed teen-agers who live in Peru or Greece or Japan or Lebanon or India or France or Colombia. Then read the friendly, whole-souled replies from U.S. youngsters. If this person-to-person correspondence can be multiplied a thousandfold, it will demolish the Communist propaganda that we are greedy U.S. citizens who hold no love for the rest of the world.

A minor U.S. diplomat once said tartly to me regarding the exchange of letters by students: "I am at this post to contact leaders of opinion. By no stretch of the imagination can school students and their teachers be considered leaders of opinion." He made this statement in June, 1957. He was sitting in his office in the imposing new glass and metal U.S. Embassy in Havana, Cuba.

What might have been the effect upon U.S.-Cuban relations before Castro came into power if thousands of school children had started corresponding with each other? How might relations have improved if you and I had been writing regularly to Cuban families as well as welcoming them when they visited the U.S.?

In October, 1960, a few women members of the Westport, Conn., branch of the American Association for the United Nations demonstrated how ordinary citizens can capture a salient in the cold war. Reading how the U.N. representatives of new African nations were being discriminated against by New York City restaurants, they invited the entire group to spend the week end at their homes. They prepared for the event by studying the geography and history of their guests' nations. Learning that 15 out of their 17 guests were weak in English but fluent in French, the Westport women rounded up (Continued on next page)

By FRANK DUNBAUGH

their French-speaking friends to converse with their African guests. How do you measure the good will this gesture brought our country?

Within the past three weeks two shrewd businessmen (both good friends of mine) said to me something like this: "You know, Frank, I don't go for this friendship deal with foreigners. I believe in dickering with them on a business basis, and that's all."

Both of these men do a considerable amount of business with their own friends and acquaintances. Both entertain their business associates and customers. Both help out friends and have been helped out by friends. How do they expect other nations to join us in our struggle against Communism if we as individuals hold their people at arms' length?

The United States can win the cold war if we ordinary citizens will, all of us, go out of our way week by week to build family-to-family understanding and friendship with plain but informed citizens in other countries. Despite the diplomat quoted above, these people are the molders of opinion in their nations. Even a dictator falls when he loses their confidence.

TWO: We are working to uphold the dignity of the individual in our own country.

This sounds pompous. What I mean is that Alice and I are going out of our way to show extra respect to everyone with whom we deal. Whenever I become tempted to treat my students as so many dots on a graph, I pause and say to myself, "Frank Dunbaugh, stop giving aid to the Kremlin! Treat everyone as a real person with a heart and a soul." This includes, of course, every race and every religion.

One quickly notes the contrast between the feeling about the rights of the individual here and in Soviet-controlled areas in Poland. The day after our arrival we were taken to watch 100,000 Poles celebrate their ancient harvest festival in Warsaw's sports stadium. While Gomulka was raving against what he called the evil deeds of the Pentagon, we heard an elderly woman make a remark. Within seconds she was hustled up the stadium steps by four men in uniform. At the top she let forth screams of anguish as though being beaten.

"What's happening?" we demanded of our Polish guide.

He shrugged in total indifference. "I believe she said something political," he said, and continued his explanation of the spectacle.

High Communist officials proudly outlined for us elaborate plans for urbanization. But what about the clerks who prepare the blueprints? These unfortunates must pay a month's salary to buy a pair of poor quality shoes. It

would take an entire salary for seven or eight years to buy a Warszawa, Poland's only automobile. (It sells for 120,000 zlotys. An average wage runs about 1200 zl. per month.) Two families often live cramped in one two-bedroom (no living room) apartment. Who cares? They are just people. Who cares if an aristocratic 75-year-old woman is seen toting a heavy load of lumber down Krucza Street, Warsaw's Fifth Avenue? She does not count.

Neutrals respect us because we dignify the individual, but some of them are worried. During the October U.N. Assembly meeting Nehru remarked that the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are growing more alike each year in their treatment of individual human beings. "With the progress in automation," Nehru added, "this tendency will accelerate."

I noticed at our Warsaw meetings how intently the representatives of Asiatic, African and Latin American

NITE SPOT

The hospital's jammed
Like a busy hotel;
The sick entertaining
The visiting well.

—Elinor K. Rose

nations studied the maneuvers of the Russian and U.S. delegates. Their faces wore the expressions I have seen on voters scrutinizing candidates.

Astute men and women, particularly those from India and Pakistan, are in the process of making a decision which will have a direct bearing on the future of our children.

Uncontroverted testimony at a recent trial revealed that jailers in one of our state prisons had beaten and maltreated prisoners, both black and white. Criminals though they were, these prisoners were U.S. citizens with human rights. Laos and Leopoldville are far off. Our state and city prisons are nearby. An aroused citizenry can win respect and esteem for us by delivering us from civic injustice.

While my friend Robert Anderson was attending the Asian-African conference at Bandung he was frequently approached on the street by students asking questions about human rights and racial conditions in the United States. This was of primary interest to Asian students. They had all heard the Communist side of the story and were sincerely trying to find out the truth from an American.

Banquet encomiums of our American way of life will not woo India or Pakistan or any nation to our side. Actions

will. This is why every patriotic U.S. citizen should join in a drive to maintain and even sharpen our recognition of individual rights and responsibilities. Here is our mightiest cold-war weapon. It is in your hands and mine. We can use it to demonstrate how wrong even Nehru can be. Automation or not, here in our country the individual must continue to be more important than the state.

THREE: My wife and I are leaning over backward insisting on high ethical standards for ourselves, our associates and elected officials.

The newspapers tell us that officials of some of our state road departments are being accused of accepting bribes from contractors. If true, both the state officials who accepted the spoil and the contractors who shelled out are aiding the Communist efforts to convince the world that capitalist nations are corrupt.

A high-minded graduate student who has looked into the problem maintains that cheating on exams is widespread in U.S. high schools and universities. If young people learn to deceive as part of their education, we can expect misrepresentation, bribery and double-dealing from them in business.

Here is where you and I can exert a strong influence. My students tell me that parents insist on high grades and often do not care how these grades are obtained. By discussing this with parents, teachers and our own children we can help win a cold-war triumph by raising our national standards of honesty above the reproaches of the Communists.

The so-called socialist nations are of course not so lily-pure themselves.

Under the stolid facade of state control even the casual visitor to Poland quickly uncovers muck holes of graft and favoritism. At the airport I exchanged dollars for zlotys at the official rate, receiving 24 zlotys for each dollar. In back corners of Warsaw I could have obtained 80 to 100 zlotys for a U.S. dollar. Just before leaving Poland, Alice and I talked with a man who had made a deal at 150. Right at the airport, the government cashier was deep in black-marketing.

DURING the eight-minute walk from the Grand Hotel in Warsaw to the parliament buildings where our meetings were held, we passed dozens of newly erected apartment houses. The outside walls were a pitiful mixture of broken bricks and dabs of mortar. Several appeared to be unsafe already. We picked our way over newly laid sidewalks which were sagging dangerously. Touring the city I realized that questionable construction spreads out for miles. Some of this is due to the

speed with which Warsaw was rebuilt. Some is the result of corrupt practices.

The only exceptions are the splendidly reconstructed "Old Town" and the magnificently rebuilt gold and marble palaces of former dukes and princes. In these luxurious mansions Communist bigwigs banqueted us at tables laden with duck, chicken, ham, caviar and rare cheeses. We watched the faces of delegates from India and Pakistan while we were being thus regally entertained. We could see that they, like us, were silently comparing this extravagance with the miserable food, cramped living space and shoddy clothing of the ordinary citizen of Warsaw.

Admittedly, graft and dishonesty gnaw at the vitals of some newly established nations, but the young idealists who will blossom into their leaders will seek guidance from master hands of countries famed for honesty and fair dealing. That is why deep freeze, vicuna coat and TV scandals are such a boon to the Communists.

Whenever a U.S. citizen allows himself, his associates or his officials to become involved in shady deals, he allies himself with the men in the Kremlin. By demanding single-minded integrity in ourselves and in those we elect to office, we plain citizens can demonstrate with convincing actions the wide gap in honesty between our society and that of the Soviets.

FOUR: Alice and I are urging friends, acquaintances, and even strangers to help prove that the American people really back the United Nations.

Talking with a group of other delegates over a cup of coffee during the Warsaw sessions, I realized how truly frightened people of other nations have become of being caught between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. To protect themselves from what they regard as two giants, they must have the shield of the United Nations. Khrushchev goes about among the representatives of these nations trying to persuade them that Uncle Sam plays ball with the U.N. only when it suits Uncle Sam.

Informed leaders in Asia, Africa, Europe and Latin America already know that we as a people have been lukewarm in our support of the United Nations. If we are to prevail upon the uncommitted nations to become our partners in our life-or-death struggle to keep Communism from enveloping the world, we must look upon the United Nations as other nations see it. They regard the average U.S. citizen as somewhat indifferent to what they believe to be the very foundation of a peaceful world. If we can prove otherwise, this will be a major breakthrough in the cold war—and it will have been

(Continued on page 29)

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.



Prem Leila

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 412 affiliated orphanage schools in 43 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 38,000 children. With its affiliated Homes it serves 32 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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motion picture reviews

★ *Misty* (20th Century-Fox)

Based on the book, *Misty of Chincoteague*, by Marguerite Henry, this is an absorbing story of the horses on the island of Assatiqua, off Virginia's coast. Legend has it that they are descendants of Spanish horses that swam to the island after a shipwreck. Since then, horses have flourished there in a wild state. The Chincoteague people annually choose the best to bring to the mainland for training and trading. An orphaned boy and his sister industriously earn the price of a beautiful mare they call Phantom. When Phantom no longer can resist the call of the wild they release her; Misty, her foal, stays behind. This is a vivid children's adventure, with fine family philosophy. Extraordinary scenery. Cast, including horses, play natural and winsome roles.

Romanoff and Juliet (Pavla. U.I.)

This delightful satire compares well with the play on which it is based, accomplished by the writing, directing and acting genius of Peter Ustinov. The president of the infinitesimally small country of Concordia finds himself between two world powers (USA and USSR). Keeping his balance with their ambassadors is a feat of diplomatic aplomb. Believing that love and laughter can solve everything, he fosters a romance between the daughter and the son of the diplomats. In this spirited caricature of international affairs which all but young children will enjoy, everything pleases—music, scenery, dialogue, acting.

Mein Kampf (Minerva Int. Columbia)

This documentary opens with sobering shots of Berlin in 1945, a sad vista of ruins. While it is a sincere attempt to relate the rise of Hitler and the National Socialist Party to the events immediately following the German defeat of 1918, much is over-simplified. There is a brief presentation of Hitler's gain in power within the Federal Republic, culminating in the change to a totalitarian regime and the insidious beginnings of anti-Semitism. World War II, from the viewpoint of Nazi Germany, is not too graphically presented. In these sequences, the destruction of the Jews in a Warsaw ghetto emerges as a moving and terrifying image. Shots are of varying artistic value, some extremely powerful, others mediocre. Despite its drawbacks, this film for adults and mature youth depicts vividly the deterioration and moral decay of a people under totalitarianism.

FAMILY

The Fabulous World of Jules Verne (Novak. Warners) Verne's scientific projections 100 years ago. Artistic.

The Silent Call (Ass'd. Prod. Inc. 20th Century-Fox) Tender unpretentious story of a boy, his dog and his family.

Ole Rex (Hinkle. U.I.) An itinerant oil driller discourages his young son from keeping his dog. When the animal saves the boy's life, father and son are reunited in a deeper affection.

ADULTS AND YOUTH

Trouble in the Sky (Barings. U.I.) Passenger plane accidents cause investigation of air rules, equipment and human responsibility. Suspenseful.

Gidget Goes Hawaiian (Columbia) A tale of "problem parents" vs. "misunderstood daughter."

ADULTS AND MATURE YOUTH

Five Golden Hours (Columbia) Contrived comedy about a mortuary attendant, scheming self-appointed comforter of bereaved widows.

The Last Sunset (Brunaprod S.A. U.I.) Complicated, suspenseful western with sudden violent close. Vivid color, effective music.

Hippodrome (Continental. UFFA) European circus prepares for a tour in America; lives, loves rivalries and crimes are recorded here.

Ring of Fire (Stone. MGM) Young criminals start a forest fire while trying to escape from police. Unconvincing, contrived, much too long.

The Warrior Empress (Documento, Orsay, Columbia) Greek legend of Sappho with war, bloodshed, oppression and romance. Tedious.

The Gambler Wore a Gun (Zenith. U.I.) Gambler and sheriff join forces to find guilty parties in a hanging.

ADULTS

Blast of Silence (Crown-Enright, U.I.) Sinister gangster film: a hired killer and his futile attempts to break loose.

The Right Approach (Brodney. 20th Century-Fox) A young opportunist reaches for top in movies. Deplorable.

Portrait of a Mobster (Warners) Sordid odyssey of Dutch Schultz, gangster of the 20s. No redeeming feature.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

The Flag Speaks (Continued from page 9)

representatives had pledged their lives, their fortunes, their security and honor for the support of the Declaration of Independence.

From time to time the flag has been changed and the stars rearranged as new states have been added. Between 1794 and 1818 it consisted of 15 stripes, two stripes having been added for Vermont and Kentucky. Fearing then that too many stripes would spoil the true design of the flag, Congress passed a law on April 4, 1818, returning the flag to its original design of 13 stripes and providing that a new star be added in the blue field as each additional state came into the Union. From that date to this, save for the rearrangement of the stars upon the blue field, Old Glory has remained as we know it today.

But while particulars may be stated as I have recorded them here, there is a word yet to be spoken, an origin yet to be noted, and James Whitcomb Riley it was who sang that song for the ages: "My name is as old as the glory of God. . . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

Into the blood stream of America have poured the racial fountains of the earth. Ours is a unity in which have disappeared tyrannies and differences of ancient lands, and above us all, loved by us all and symbolic of our common faith, floats Old Glory.

Years ago, in Smithfield, an Ohio village made famous as the home of the five fighting McCooks of Civil War history, I addressed a Memorial Day service. Entertained in the home of the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Love, I was seated with the family at the breakfast table when, in response to a knock at the front door, the pastor brought into the room a small boy who lived in the coal-mine town—the tippie town—just under the hill. The miners were all foreigners and only the children who had enjoyed the advantages of our schools spoke our language. This boy was timid and half-afraid. Said he, "My father has a band and the band would like to play for your parade. They would like to play patriotic music and follow the flag. My father doesn't speak English but he sent me to ask whether you would grant his request and say that he and his friends would be very proud, very grateful and very happy to march and play." The boy's voice trembled then as he concluded, "My father loves the flag, too, and he wants to be a good American. I am an American, sir, because I was born under the flag."

The minister was wise and he had an understanding heart. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder and said,

(Continued on page 34)

20th Century-Fox presents

francis of assisi



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ADVENTURER
TURNED INTO
A SAINTLY
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Dept. B

The Upper Room

The world's most widely used daily devotional guide
1908 Grand Avenue, Nashville 5, Tenn.

By FLORENCE HAMSHER

TELEVISION THIS MONTH

LONG BEFORE it was barbecue time on the patio it was plain to see that warm-weather viewing was not likely to lure many people away from the old veranda. Those of us who've a mind to flick the dial have had to choose between reruns of shows we watched last season, or perhaps weren't even interested in the first time around, reruns of reruns (some of which have been running day and night for 10 years, e.g. *I Love Lucy* which debuted October 1951), a few nighttime versions of daytime game shows and very occasionally a new show.

The networks offer various explanations for such hackneyed programming: 1) advertisers buy in 39-week program cycles and with show production costs spiraling upward must make their dollars count by using fresh material during the peak viewing periods; 2) early evening and week-end viewing falls off as much as 40 per cent during the summer months when outdoor activities keep the audience away from the set; and 3) perhaps the weakest and most unlikely excuse of all, that programming the same shows gives viewers a chance to see other programs they may have missed. The ratings services back up Point No. 2 but it is nonetheless a moot point whether viewers stay away from the set because they are enjoying themselves elsewhere or because there is nothing to watch.

Some of the reruns have been well worth repeating. Notable among these have been the evening showings of *Specials for Women*, of interest to many unable to see them in their original daytime telecast, *Project 20's* "Will Rogers Story" and "Not So Long Ago," the best of *CBS Reports* and ABC's *Expedition* series. Certainly there are those who have enjoyed seeing the same familiar faces during the summer, even chuckling a second time over some episode in the lives of *Andy Griffith*, *Pete & Gladys*, *The Real McCoys*, *Bringing Up Buddy*, the *Flintstones* or *Harrigan & Son*. But night after night with little or no break between all the same old plots rather makes us feel like a youngster of years ago shoving a dime into the ticket booth of the local movie house in order to sit through as many Saturday matinee performances as he dared before his parents caught up with him. One must be a child really to enjoy this sort of thing.

There have been a few breaks in this deadly monotony. CBS brought back Spike Jones whose antics have provided a pleasant summer interlude for several seasons. But the effectiveness of this change was offset by Glenn Miller's band on the same night. Wayne & Shuster, a pair of top-notch comics whom we first met on the *Ed Sullivan* show, have had a chance to show their wares on their own show, *Holiday Lodge*—a practice we wish the networks would revert to more often. Some of our most successful TV shows got their start during the summer months a few years back. And we have had some excellent sports shows, one in particular being CBS' *Summer Sports Spectacular*. NBC again gave us country music (*5-Star Jubilee*) for our summer mood, continued *The Price Is Right* live and introduced nighttime audiences to its *Concentration* game show with host Hugh Downs.

In today's troubled world, such thought-provoking discussions as *Face the Nation* and *Nation's Future* have been well worth sitting in on. But why we were subjected to such trash as *Louie K*, *Danger Man* and a bunch of old pilot films swept up from the screening room floor is, quite simply, beyond our understanding. If good creative programming during the winter months is a long way off, then good summer programming is even further. We might as well enjoy the flower-scented breezes while they last.

NBC's religious programs unit has been doing an outstanding job in keeping us up to date on what is happening abroad in the religious field. Last summer, in co-operation with the Southern Baptist Convention, they filmed an on-location report on the Baptist World Alliance Convention in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil which was telecast July 24, 1960. This spring they did a documentary film in North Carolina and Louisiana hospitals showing how physicians, psychiatrists and ministers collaborate in healing. This program will be telecast July 30. Presently this programming unit is in Hong Kong to film the Southern Baptist Convention's ministry to Chinese refugees. The team will make an on-site survey of the work now being carried on in homes, schools, hospitals and church services in the field. The half-hour filmed report will be shown near the end of the year, possibly the last Sunday of December.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Editorially Speaking...

A GUEST EDITORIAL

IN a long editorial lifetime, this is one of the loveliest and most intelligent letters that has ever come to my desk:

"In your *Christian Herald* this month you had an article titled 'When Love Says Wait.' I know that many people are going to condemn you for it. I want to thank you for it. I am only 16 but very much in love with my boy friend. (It sounds ridiculous but it is true.) I have always been told 'don't,' but nobody had ever given me a good reason 'why not.' I formed my own ideas only they were on 'why' instead of 'why not.' Your article showed me I was wrong and why. I wish I knew how to thank you enough for saving me from the trouble and sadness I was headed for, but these two words are all I have to offer—thank you."

This letter worthily occupies the top spot on our editorial page for July.

PAY-OFF?

A RECENT release of the *Religious News Service* carries the announcement that the President has sent to the Senate for confirmation the name of James W. Wine of Connecticut to be United States Ambassador to Luxembourg. Mr. Wine resigned as an associate general secretary of the National Council of Churches to join the Kennedy campaign staff as assistant to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. This particular assignment was in the field of church-state issues. Mr. Wine, an acting Presbyterian layman, was formerly vice president of Park College in Parkville, Missouri. He will now occupy the diplomatic post made "famous" by Mrs. Perle Mesta, Washington hostess.

WHY?

WITH scarcely an exception, the journals generally recognized as liberal in the field not only of politics but of religion have few, if any, kind words for J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They may not, and indeed seldom do, attack him directly. Silence or snide remarks are the order of their editorial day. Why? And why the ostrich-head-in-the-sand attitude toward continuing Communist infiltration, particularly in the area of student life? Not only silence but actual denial of the proved facts.

For instance, in one of the liberal Protestant journals of small but distinguished circulation appears this in a lead editorial: "The extremism of the left has largely lost contact with the American public.

It has almost disappeared in the labor movement. It awakens few echoes in the press or in the churches. It is seldom championed in the universities. It has no attraction for the present conservative student generation. J. Edgar Hoover says that Communists would like to sway the students; he indicts his own competence if he thinks they have succeeded in realizing that aim on a significant scale. . . ."

Now that is something! The same journal went eloquently to defend rioting student youths, Communist inspired and led, who made a shameful spectacle before the San Francisco sessions of the House Un-American Activities Committee. As to the continuing menace of Communism, Mr. Hoover had this to say on April 1, 1961: It is "indeed our paramount adversary, and it leans on its credo of invincibility and a concept of historical inevitability to accomplish its ends."

CHRISTIAN HERALD supports without qualification that conclusion.

"A HOUSE CALLED MEMORY"

I HAVE just read again *A House Called Memory* by Richard Collier. How glad I am that we made it a selection of Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf, "A Book Club You Can Trust." It is so eminently worthy both in its literary quality and in its nostalgic impact upon mind and heart that a better choice could not have been made. Here is something closely akin to the loveliness of *Goodbye Mr. Chips* but also, for this editor at least, an even more poignant eloquence. You miss a lot if you do not belong to the "Family Bookshelf."

DRINK AND DEATH ON THE HIGHWAYS

A SPECIAL DISPATCH from Albany, N.Y., to the *New York Times*, dated May 18, 1961, contains this statement: "A study of traffic fatalities in New York City has shown that 73 per cent of the drivers killed had been drinking, nearly half of them heavily." Dr. James R. McCarroll of Cornell University and Dr. William Haddon Jr. of the State Health Department in cooperation with the State Motor Vehicles Department and the New York Police Department made the report which also includes the following: "Forty-six per cent of the accident-responsible group had blood-alcohol concentrations in the very high .25 per cent range or above it." In New York drivers with .10 per cent are considered "impaired." These ominous percentages rise steadily year after year.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Angel of Sunshine Church

By Erna Oleson Xan

WHEN one stirs the ashes of the Civil War, there are still two glowing coals that crackle.

Both these hot spots are in Georgia. For Southerners, it is the route "from Atlanta to the Sea," where Sherman's troops left fields blackened and homes in flames.

For the North, it is the memory of the Confederate prison at Andersonville, about 95 miles south of Atlanta, where more than 30,000 Northern soldiers languished in such pitiless squalor that many, of their own accord, walked over the "dead line" to be shot.

But the ashes also yield one of the most heartening stories of the war.

On July 31, 1864, between Atlanta and Andersonville, a little-known battle took place at Sunshine Church near Round Oak, Jones County. Heroine of this conflict was a young Southern woman who, when her chance for vengeance came, displayed instead such mercy and compassion that she was never forgotten by Sherman's Ohio brigade and their descendants.

The story of Betty Hunt (Mary Elizabeth Carver Hunt) is told in a stack of brittle and yellowed letters now in possession of her granddaughter, Dossie Hunt Teague of Birmingham, Alabama, and her mother, Mrs. Thomas Carver Hunt, Betty's daughter-in-law, both of whom had heard the tale over and over, as well as its romantic sequel 25 years later which concerns some Georgians to this day.

When the struggle for *(Continued on page 47)*



ILLUSTRATED BY MILLER POPE



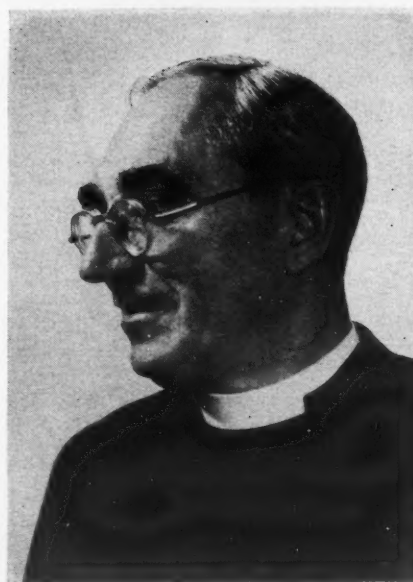
Pope



TOWARD UNDERSTANDING—7

Moral

In the conviction that we need to listen also to those with whom we do not, indeed cannot, doctrinally agree, and that in the listening our own faith finds strengthened foundations, CHRISTIAN HERALD offers this series, "Toward Understanding." These occasional articles give articulate spokesmen of religious groups about which the average Protestant has only scant and often inaccurate knowledge, the opportunity to speak for their positions. At the conclusion of this series, CHRISTIAN HERALD will publish an article restating its own doctrinal position and examining Protestantism today. † George A. West was born in England in 1893 and was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford. In World War I he served in a medical unit in Serbia, now Yugoslavia, and then as a combatant in the Royal Artillery. In 1921 he went as a missionary to Burma where he was the first of his church to open up pioneer work by living in a jungle village. In 1935 he was made Bishop of Rangoon and has been associated with Moral Re-Armament since then. He has written three books on his work in Burma and one on Moral Re-Armament, The World That Works.



CHRISTIAN HERALD



Re-Armament

By GEORGE A. WEST

EVERYONE WANTS to see the world different. Everyone is waiting for the other person and the other nation to begin. MRA says the best place to start is with yourself and your own nation."

So in a folder on a table in his room, each delegate to the Mackinac Island, Mich., conference center of Moral Re-Armament is introduced to the idea of MRA.

It is an idea which has influenced men and women around the world. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of Germany, in inviting Dr. Frank Buchman to Europe, said, "Without Moral Re-Armament the peace of the world cannot be maintained." His friend, Robert Schuman of France, stated of MRA, "If this were another theory, I would not be interested. It is a vast transformation of society which has already begun." Mahatma Gandhi's grandson Rajmohan said, "The hearts and minds of Asians and Africans have been gripped by Moral Re-Armament. This is the one ideology that can unite both East and West." Gandhi's son Devadas said, "If MRA fails, the world fails."

My own introduction came 25 years ago. MRA found

me before I found it. I was an Anglican missionary living in a village in the jungle bordering Burma and Thailand. One day I received a book by mail. The book was written by a clergyman who had come to a greater effectiveness through Moral Re-Armament. Some days later I received a letter. The letter offered me the Bishopric of Rangoon. The book affected my life in a way that prepared me for the letter.

In Calcutta, at the time of my consecration as a bishop, the writer of the letter, Dr. Foss Westcott, Metropolitan-Archbishop of the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon, suggested that the next time I was in England I go to see Moral Re-Armament for myself. So it was that in June, 1935, I went to an assembly at Oxford.

One morning in conversation with a college chaplain I asked, "What exactly is the difference between these MRA people and myself?"

He replied, "Do you think God can tell you?"

I was taken a little off balance. If I said, "No," where would I end up theologically? (*Continued on next page*)



Illustrated by John Lawn

STRANGER IN THE LAND

By MONA GARDNER

WHENEVER hospitality crops up in conversation, my thoughts have a way of immediately disconnecting from any present scene, anywhere, and going back across the years to 1936 in Japan where my two small children and I were spending the summer at a northern beach.

The place was called Takayama—a small cove denting the outer rim of Matsushima's vast bay—but it wasn't a village: only a succession of 25 or 30 summer cottages in pinewoods encircling miraculously blue water where families of missionaries, businessmen and occasional scholars came to get away from Tokyo's heat. There was no doctor in residence, and the nearest dispensary was 20 miles away in the city of Sendai. But what with the sun and sea and the clean pine-scented air, it didn't seem to matter.

That is, until the day my 7-year-old Janet complained of a slight rash inside her lower lip. She'd just come in from bouncing about in the surf, so I rinsed her sore mouth with a mild wash and put it down to sand, seaweed or some irritant. Next morning she was running a slight fever and the rash had spread. I walked the two miles to the nearest telegraph office and wired a general description of symptoms to the St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, which at that time was American-maintained. Back came a telegram prescribing a mouth wash of potassium bisulfate in 40 per cent solution. Then, with the telegram in my hand, I took the local decrepit taxi the 20 miles to the pharmacy in Sendai, had the prescription made up and hurried back to Takayama. It was dusk by this time. I hastened to administer the medicine. But, one swig of it—and Janet was screaming in torture, her small mouth a mass of burns and the skin hanging in shreds. (Continued on page 45)

(Continued from previous page)

If I said, "Yes," where would this lead me? I found myself doing the very thing which the day before I had seen Canon Burton H. Streeter, scholar, theologian and Provost of the Queen's College, doing: listening to God and writing down the thoughts that came to him.

True enough, thoughts came to me: smoking; Metropolitan; Denmark.

I saw the essential thing was not to reject any thought as unworthy of God, or of the recipient.

What about *smoking*? I nearly rejected MRA on those very grounds. My friend asked me what I thought of it. I said it was a harmless habit, which I usually managed to give up in Lent but only to return to on Easter morning with the greater zest. If God had some reason for wanting me to give it up for once and all, He would certainly have to do His part.

And He did. I never again even wanted to smoke.

Metropolitan. I had no disagreement with him, no ill feeling. But, maybe, I was a little afraid of him. That same day I went to his room—he too had chanced to come to the assembly. I half hoped he would be out.

"Come in," he called.

"There is something I must tell you," I said hesitantly. "I have always been afraid of you."

"That," he said with gentleness, "is the effect I have had on so many." This was all we said, but it enabled us to work shoulder to shoulder till he died.

Denmark. That summer plans were being made for a full-scale MRA offensive for Denmark. I felt I should go. But why me, I wondered. Again, I did it, and saw how MRA could hit.

No one expected me to join anything. Evidently this was not another sect or denomination, still less another church or religion. I saw that it enhanced a man's primary loyalties and that he did not become less a Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian or Catholic. He just became a revolutionary one and lived out fully what he had always professed. I saw, too, that MRA was not even a society or organization in the familiar sense of the word, but God at work in a man's heart, affecting everything he did, changing his attitudes, his motives and the way he lived.

On my next visit to my old jungle village, the congregation wanted to know what had happened to me. They could see the difference. I told them of my experience. Then they began to tell me of their burdens of guilt, of women, drink, lies, debts, quarrels. Something now happened to them, too, and with their change, their work improved, their fear of the police and their hatred of their neighbor tribe began to disappear. This was more than a revival.

Aung San, Burma's young George Washington, traveled two days to our area to verify what he had been hearing. Twenty thousand people from far and wide came to greet him. My friends just told him their stories. Government officials said, "Yes, no one here offers us any bribes." The police said, "The district jail is empty."

Aung San said, "This is what I want for the whole of Burma."

That is how I came to find out what Moral Re-Armament is. Multiply my experience by the thousand right around the world and no two stories will be the same—except in one respect. They will all contain two factors: the guidance of God and a change of basic motives. I saw that it was an ideology, both moral and spiritual.

Moral Re-Armament was initiated by Dr. Frank Buchman, Pennsylvania born and bred.

One day in the summer of 1908 in Keswick, England, Frank Buchman went into a small chapel. A woman was speaking and 17 people were listening. That day the speaker, in Buchman's words, "unraveled the Cross for me." Six men against whom he had nurtured ill will stood out like tombstones in his heart, and across, as it were, a chasm he saw the Crucified. And he was the seventh wrong man.

He wrote six letters asking forgiveness from each of the six men and headed each with the words:

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

That same day as he walked with a young man in deep trouble, he was able to bring the young man the cure he needed.

Dr. Buchman, invited to the first Naval Disarmament Conference in Washington in 1921, concluded that alliances, treaties, pacts would never get to the root of the problem. Unless there could be a drastic change in human nature across the entire world, nations would continue to follow their historic course to violence, destruction.

In 1928 Buchman was in South Africa with a student group. Their work attracted the attention of General Jan Smuts and of the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, by demonstrating how change in white and black alike could produce the answer to racial tension.

It was while they were traveling there that a railroad porter, at a loss for a name for the party and hearing they were a group from Oxford, scrawled on their compartment, "The Oxford Group." The name stuck until 1938, when there was much talk of re-armament. Dr. Buchman, walking in the Black Forest near Freudenstadt, had

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Christ, Communism and the Clock

By G. RAY JORDAN

TEXT: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." (Luke 12:32)

THIS is one of the most exciting sentences in the New Testament. Actually, there are few in all literature comparable to it. Jesus is meeting His friends where they are, mentally and emotionally perplexed, confused, despondent, and offering drama and excitement. "Don't be afraid," He assures them. With a confidence we can hardly understand, He insists: "Your Father plans to give you the kingdom" (Phillips). Moffatt translates the same statement: "Fear not, you little flock, for your Father is delighted to give you the Realm." The words of Weymouth underscore the same assurance: "Dismiss your fears, little flock, your Father finds pleasure in giving you the kingdom."

To say that it is difficult to believe this is putting it quite mildly. The demands of such faith are so exacting that earnest-minded people have always had difficulty in unhesitatingly accepting this assertion. Yet Jesus is emphasizing the essence of Christian faith: namely, that there is a God Who knows what it is all about, Who knows where He is going, Who has the ability to arrive and the capacity to take care of all those who unreservedly commit themselves to Him.

This becomes most challenging, to some painfully so, when we face our contemporary crises. Consider this statement, recently made by one of the keen-thinking and devoted leaders of America: "It is altogether possible that

25 years from now we in America will not know the way of life which, at the moment, we enjoy." This representative of our government was discussing the menace of Communism.

Less than a month later, in New Delhi, another American official, who is also a dedicated churchman, declared that within ten years India will likely decide whether democracy is practical, as well as desirable, for that country. Others who are anxiously studying the critical situation in the Far East, and in Russia, insist the time is even shorter.

Whatever our immediate reaction to these judgments, expressed after careful deliberation by deeply concerned representatives of the United States, most of us readily understand an affirmation of Dr. Radhakrishnan, Vice President of India. On two different occasions, he reminded some of us who were guests in his home that India does not have the time America was permitted to build her democracy. He, too, was referring to our international crises.

Certainly world conditions have so radically changed that India is in an entirely different situation from that of the United States in the latter part of the eighteenth century. As the vice president spoke with earnestness, those of us who listened to his sharply cut sentences had enough imagination to see quite vividly that millions of Indians must act quickly. Theirs is not the luxury of time.

Neither do we in America—or those in any other country—enjoy this luxury. What obviously makes contemporary conditions so critical is that we already

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CHRISTIAN HERALD PULPIT

Dr. G. Ray Jordan, professor of homiletics at Emory University's Candler School of Theology, Atlanta, Ga., has traveled widely and written 17 books and articles for numerous periodicals. He has been a delegate to a number of national and international church conferences and was a member of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church for five years and of its Peace Commission for eight years. Dr. Jordan was pastor of major North Carolina Methodist churches at Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Charlotte before coming to Emory in 1945. He has degrees from Duke University, Emory, Yale and Lincoln Memorial University. He and his wife have two sons, Gerald Ray and Terrell Franklin.







HOME PLATE

PETER FERRIS came home from school three hours late on that May afternoon.

His mother had been alarmed, but she didn't scold him. She only said the ominous thing that all mothers say to all young sons, "*Your father's home, Peter. He'll want to know where you've been for the last three hours.*"

As if acting on cue, Pete's father came into the room and took up where his wife had left off. "Your mother was worried! She was afraid something had happened to you."

"Something has—" Pete spoke proudly. "I'm a Peanut!"

His mother raised her eyebrows. "You're a *peanut*?" his father asked. "*That's news—?*"

Pete's chest was out so far that it could only have been inflated with a bicycle pump; he was two inches taller than he'd been when he left for school in the morning.

"You don't understand," he told his parents. "The Clinton School—that's us—has organized a baseball team called the Peanuts, and the West Brayton School has a team, too—they call themselves the Small Frys. We'll play 12 games against them during the summer—unless there's a tie—and then we'll play 13. And the winning team will get a silver cup, and—" he took a deep breath—"and every boy'll have his name engraved on it, and it'll be presented to the school on opening day in September!"

"I wish I could see you in action." Pete's father was actually wistful. "Who's the coach?"

"Our gym teacher, Mr. Crandall," Pete told him. "And you *can* see me in action, Dad! We're having our games in the evening—starting at six-thirty—so the fathers'll be there."

"Good deal. How long do the games run?"

"Six innings apiece. We're going to clobber the West Braytons—they hate us and we hate them!"

"Hate's an ugly word." It was Pete's mother, this time.

"Pete didn't mean to be taken literally, Madge. Well, Son, go ahead—"

"There's nothing else to tell—" Pete really had so much to tell that he was bursting—"except that Mr. Crandall was having tryouts all

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DOCTOR POLING

answers your questions



Representatives of Protestant religious press who testified before House Post Office and Civil Service Comm. on proposed postal rate increases which would hit religious publications. L. to r.: Nobel Van Ness, Southern Baptist S. S. Board; Dr. Poling; Ford Stewart, CHRISTIAN HERALD publisher; John Ribble, Board Christian Education, United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. RNS

Thank You, But Who Did It?

An anonymous letter addressed to "Reverend and Mrs. Dan Poling" has been received from Baltimore, Maryland. In it are bills with a card on which is written "An anonymous best good wish forever." Now what do you think of that? The money has been given in support of the new Mont Lawn Christian Herald Children's Home. This is not the first time that we have seen this same very nice handwriting on an envelope with money enclosed.

Councils and Local Churches

Should Christians join the World Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches? What if a preacher gets an office in the W.C.C. and gets his congregation to join? Is it Scriptural to have drives to get new church members even if the people are not born-again Christians? It seems that there is such an urge to get lots of members the churches are not careful whom they take in.

CALIFORNIA

Mrs. E.L.S.

I agree that too often in our efforts to secure members for our churches we use methods that, to say the least, are superficial. However, the evangelical churches differ sharply in their definition of "born-again Christian." As to the W.C.C. and the N.C.C., the preacher or layman should inform himself as to the ideals, spirit, and program of these organizations. Many, indeed multitudes, of men and women who

live dedicated Christian lives belong to these organizations.

Rockers

What do you think about the boom in rocking chairs? Is this just another fad or a blatant commercial based upon President Kennedy's return to the rocker?

OREGON

M.W.

I think it is a grand idea. We never gave up rockers. Our house has always rejoiced in them. My mother's armless rocker is one of the sacred memories of my childhood. At the present, I haven't much time to rock but I look forward to a time! As to the therapeutic value, I am not an authority but the theory sounds good.

God Love You

What do you think of letter writers who conclude with "God love you"? I know that He does of course, but my real concern is that I love God. To me it seems there are better ways to end a letter. What do you think?

MICHIGAN

H.B.A.

I think so too. Why not "sincerely," or "very truly yours," or "with every good wish, I remain."

Taxes and Sectarian Teaching

Why should not parochial schools, if they teach the truth, be treated as public schools are? Here is a statement from

a Protestant publication's editorial: "There is much sound moral and ethical teaching in Catholic schools just as there is in public schools." True or false?

OKLAHOMA

K.W.S.

But also there is much taught in Catholic schools that would be objectionable to Protestants and Jews as well as to those of no formal faith. Consider *Living Our Faith*, a textbook widely used in Catholic parochial schools. It is published under the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman. On page 112 appear the following paragraphs:

Subject 24 False Worship

CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Christ is God and the Founder of the Catholic Church. These truths are the very cornerstone of our Faith. Christ left to His Church not only the body of revealed truth but the authority to make laws for the worship of God. No other institution on earth has the same power. All other ways of worshipping God, found in the numberless non-Catholic societies, are false.

COUNTERFEIT RELIGIONS. The material, size and shape of the paper and metal money in the United States is determined and authorized by the government. No other money is legal tender, and any other agency issuing such money is guilty of counterfeiting. In the same way, non-Catholic methods of worshipping God must be branded counterfeit. Each in its own way more or less imitates the true religion, yet lacks the true value of the genuine Faith of Christ. Therefore we cannot practice them without dire penalty.

NON-CATHOLIC SERVICES. A Catholic who attends a Protestant service violates

CHRISTIAN HERALD

his Faith in three ways: (1) he sins by false worship, (2) he weakens his own faith, and (3) he gives scandal. The Catholic knows that his is the only true religion just as clearly as he knows that two and two make four. Should he associate himself with non-Catholics in religious services, he would join a group which broke away from the true Church established by Christ Himself. Thus he would sin by false worship. . . .

GIVING SCANDAL. A third and grievous effect of a Catholic attending non-Catholic religious services is the scandal he gives by being present at places of false worship. In so doing he not only suggests to others the possibility that their religion can be right but sets an example of false worship before his fellow Catholics which might lead them to commit the same sin.

Clearly under the Constitution of the United States of America the Roman Catholic Church has and must have freedom to teach these affirmations. This is "freedom of religion." But would it not be destruction of freedom to compel Jews, Protestants and others to help finance such teaching? **CHRISTIAN HERALD** so concludes. Also know that when the Federal Government "contributes it controls," in some degree at least.

"Discoveries" and Faith

I enclose a booklet which purports to be an authentic, revelatory book on the Dead Sea scrolls. It is very disturbing but does not shake my Christian faith. Do you think that it will lead earnest "truth seekers" away from honest Christian principles?

ILLINOIS

G.A.K.

No, I do not think that it will ever lead earnest "truth seekers" away from Christian principles. It is one man's opinion. The claims he makes are immeasurably less than convincing to me.

Did They Survive?

Last Sunday our Sunday school teacher made a modern-day application of Jesus' love and voluntary death for others by noting the case of the four chaplains who gave up their life-belts to others, knowing it involved death for themselves. Does anyone know the individuals who received those life-belts? Were they aware of the sacrifice made in their behalf?

VIRGINIA

S.S.G.

There has never been from anyone or from anywhere word as to those who actually received the life-belts of the four chaplains. Some years ago I talked with one of the survivors who stood within a few feet of our son before he (the survivor) went over the rail and into the water. He saw our son "pull his rank" and practically force his life-belt over the head of an unwilling soldier. The boy who knew what it meant

to take the belt cried, "I don't want your belt." I am sure this was the attitude of the other three who received the life-belts from our son's associates. Many efforts have been made to find these four men but they have never been found. It is altogether possible that they did not survive the icy water. Indeed, very few did.

Loving God

Would you please explain Matthew 10:37, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." My husband and I don't agree on the meaning, which has caused much discussion in our home.

ILLINOIS

Mrs. R.S.

Unmistakably the Scriptures teach and Jesus Christ made abundantly clear the fact that He and no other, not even parents, must occupy first place in the mind and heart of His followers. At the same time, I have never known it to fail that those who readily give to Jesus Christ this first place love their parents and children with an utter devotion.

Catholicity

What is a Roman Catholic? Is there any difference between a Roman Catholic and just a Catholic? When and where and what did the name Roman Catholic come from?

OHIO

J.W.S.

The word "Catholic" means literally the Church Universal and is inclusive of all Christians of all denominations, sects and degrees. The Roman Catholic Church has its capital in Rome—the Vatican—and the Pope is the head of that church. There are many other divisions of the Catholic Church—the Greek Church and other churches of the East. The word "Catholic" is inclusive of all Christians.

Hate Literature

I enclose a circular, "New Religion Exposed." It alleges that in the Jewish holy book, the Talmud, Jesus is referred to as an "ignorant clod, a fool, a liar." There are other equally vicious statements. What do you think?

NEW YORK

Mrs. C.T.P.

A short ugly word is the answer—"lie." Completely vicious is the material in this circular.

Old Testament Saints

After the resurrection of Christ some of the old saints were raised from the dead. Where are they now?

NORTH CAROLINA

G.V.

I am sure they are with God—yes, definitely.

You Can Help Win the Cold War (Continued from page 15)

achieved by American "unofficials" like you and me.

FIVE: *We are allying ourselves with all other believers by attending and supporting the church.*

In bringing religion into our cold-war campaign we are not scheming any form of Holy War. But the Communist party, in opposing belief in God, has taken a stand against something deep in the hearts of all of us. We have clung to this belief in a Power greater than ourselves for generation after generation after generation. Poland has withstood the effects of Communist domination better than Czechoslovakia or Hungary because throughout this ordeal the Polish nation held steadfast to its faith in God.

When we pray, we hope to mingle our prayers with those of all who believe in God. Unanimous belief in God is a tremendous source of strength. Without it, we shall crumble from within.

IN THE END what will count will be performance by our whole people, not just speeches or documents put forth by government officials.

Khrushchev's and Mao's power over their satellites and over their own people rests on their armies. Their armies are made up of men, men with wives and families and friends. Truth is like acid. It can eat through iron curtains as propaganda never can. Some day the Russian and Chinese people will awaken to realize that *we* are the ones who want to be friendly with the common people of other countries; that *we* are the ones who respect the individual, not Khrushchev nor Mao; that *we* are the ones with high standards of honesty, not the Communists; that it is *we*, not they, who really seek world peace through the United Nations. They will discover that the rest of the world is united under God, while they have been cheated by a false, materialistic philosophy.

Some day our daily actions will become so self-evident that the peoples of the Communist countries cannot help learning their mistake. Then the vaunted power of the Red leaders will dissolve like sugar dipped in water.

We ordinary Americans can win the cold war if we make it a chief concern. To do it we need to follow the counsel given in the last sentence of the recent report of the President's Commission on National Goals:

"A basic goal for each American is to achieve a sense of responsibility as broad as his world-wide concerns and as compelling as the dangers and opportunities he confronts." ■

Home Plate (Continued from page 27)

afternoon—that's why I was so late. I'm getting a uniform."

"This calls for a celebration, Madge! Chocolate parfaits—?"

"Now you're talking!" Pete flashed a look of understanding at his father. He went up to his mother and kissed her, which he seldom did without being urged—or bribed. "I'm going out to tell the Tyson kids," he said. He was gone in a flash and Madge Ferris blinked, suddenly, to keep back the tears.

"He's growing up, Jim—baseball, yet! I thought it would be years before—We must go to *every game*," she said. "We mustn't miss one—not one!"

"And I must give Pete some tips. I'll play ball with him in the yard every evening after I get home from work. I was pretty good in my day, Madge."

Jim Ferris had been on the varsity team during his last two years at college and could pitch a neat curve. He and Peter practiced relentlessly. The uniform arrived. Madge took snapshots of Peter wearing it, had them enlarged and sent them to his grandparents. Finally the first game was coming up and Jim got home early so they could have a five-thirty dinner. Pete made a pretense of eating and rushed off—but he paused, as he went through the door, to yell—"I'll be looking for you in the grandstand." His father called back, "We'll be there!"

So they were, with other parents, friends and well-wishers. When the

Peanuts came out of the miniature dug-out and took their places on the diamond, Jim nudged his wife.

"Pete's on the bench, Dear. I thought he was playing shortstop."

"That's his regular position on the team—"

"Then why—?"

"They can't *all* play in *every* game!"

"I suppose not," but Jim was frowning. "They'll probably throw him in for the second half. I hope so—I wouldn't want him to be disappointed."

Pete's eyes were searching the grandstand. He saw his parents and looked up at them from under the visor of his cap, his nose wrinkled and his mouth twisted into a grimace. Madge reached for her husband's hand.

"He's embarrassed," she said, "that's why he's mugging! I can't wait for him to trot out onto the field."

BUT Pete didn't trot out onto the field. When the game was over, a small boy with a dejected slant to his shoulders walked home silently between two adults who filled the air with talk.

"Don't feel too bad," Jim said, finally. "Not everybody can play in the first game." He was quoting his wife.

"Well, anyhow," Pete said, "we licked the Fryers—and we'll lick 'em next time, too, and the next time. And the cup will have all our names on it."

The season was to last six weeks—two games a week. No parents had a more perfect record of attendance than Madge and Jim Ferris. They sat in the stands, game after game, and watched their son hunched miserably on the

bench. Pete no longer peered up at them from under the visor of his cap. He always happened to be looking pointedly in the other direction when they climbed up and took their seats. Toward the middle of the eleventh game, Jim—who'd kept his temper in leash until then—exploded.

"Crandall must have it in for Pete!" he told Madge. "Fine coach he is, keeping that kid on the bench all season—it's a crime! Pete's whole nature is changing—he's quiet and morose."

"He feels that he's at fault," Madge said. "But he isn't, Jim! I've seen you pitching to him in the backyard. He's a swell little batter."

"You can say that again," Jim snorted. "He's better than any of the kids that came up to bat this evening."

"The Fryers and the Peanuts are tied, at the moment—but if the Peanuts win this game and the next, Jim, they'll win the series—and the cup!"

"If Pete isn't put in, I hope the Fryers win."

"Even if he isn't put in," Madge said wincing, "his name will be engraved on the cup and—"

"That," her husband told her, "would hurt worse than anything. He'd feel that he didn't deserve it! Well, maybe they'll give him a chance in a few minutes . . . Why did you wince?"

Madge said—wincing again—"I had a pain in my side—"

"Which side?"

"The right one. Don't look so worried, Jim—I've had pains in my side before. Don't let's talk about *me*—let's keep our eyes on Pete. We'll have to do a lot of applauding if they put him in."

But it was the same as before—Pete stayed on the bench, although the Peanuts won. For the next few days he moved through the house like a ghost. His father ignored his silence, by intent, and his mother wasn't at all sympathetic because she was feeling a bit rocky, but Peter didn't know *that*!

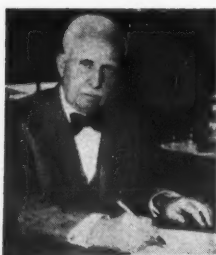
The day of the last game arrived, and Pete phoned from a friend's house to say he was going home with one of the fellows on the team, and that he'd eat at the other fellow's house. Madge didn't ask the fellow's name—which was odd. She just said, "All right, Pete—fine." And then, "See you later!"

Pete's voice came rather thickly over the wire. "If you don't want to come you don't have to," he said, "the season's almost over. Nothing matters any more." Madge said, "Tonight's score matters to me and your father—it matters very much, Dear!" Pete gulped, "Okay—be seeing you," and hung up. Madge slumped into a chair beside the telephone stand and stayed there, with her hand pressed to her side. She was still there when the front door opened and Jim stepped into the house.

(Continued on page 55)

Lines of a Layman

By J. C. PENNEY



The other stream of thought had its source in Moses, the God-inspired leader and teacher of a people who had never known a day of freedom in their lives. He told them directly and indirectly that, having been created in the image of their Maker, they were destined for liberty. With the backing of stern penalties, he forbade them to bow the neck or bend the knee to anybody save their Creator. This is what may be called the law of *spiritual* liberty.

The Origins of Liberty

WHAT is the origin of the "American Way of Life"? It all began with two ancient streams of thought.

One of these was the teachings in Athens of Socrates in the fifth century B.C., and of Plato and Aristotle in the fourth century B.C., who declared that, by nature, men are born free, that the right of every man to think for himself is inalienable, and that no man or group of men has a right to coerce another. Such freedom is the heritage of every man simply because he is a man. This is what may be called the law of *natural* liberty!

This great law was clearly stated by George Mason and Thomas Jefferson in the Virginia Bill of Rights, which was the source of our Declaration of Independence. "All men," it said, "are by nature equally free and independent, and have inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity; namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." The implementing of this law is America's great contribution to government.



AMERICANA

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ONE of my godchildren was recently married—she was such a beautiful bride!—and the week after she came back from her honeymoon she invited me to lunch in her very new home. There were stars in her eyes as she showed me through the rooms. Some of her furniture had been inherited, some of it she had picked up secondhand. One lovely maple desk she'd bought at a country auction during the honeymoon. Her pride in her possessions was a heartening thing to see, and I'll always remember the warmth and thrill in her voice as she told me how she'd acquired each chair or table or hooked rug. For, though her home was small, it was crowded with love and happiness and hope. (Continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATION BY DICK OFF

(Continued from previous page)

"Even when I was in my teens," she said, after we had made our tour of inspection, "I decided that, once I was married and had a place of my own, it would be furnished in Early American! This house is my dream come true, and when I've been married longer and have children and a larger house, I'll add more Americana."

"You're a 100 per cent Americana bride," I told her, "and your home is the 100 per cent Americana home—and when you have youngsters they'll be a 100 per cent Americans!"

"You just bet they will," my god-child told me—and her voice was very soft and her eyes were luminous. "I can't wait to see them standing up in school, repeating the oath of allegiance to the flag!"

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

I wonder how many children pledging their allegiance as a daily part of school life, understand exactly what the words mean? I wonder how many grownups take time out from their busy routines to say the words over and let their meaning sink in? Can any other nation boast of such a pledge to the flag they carry? I think not. "One nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Liberty and justice for all have been bought dearly, with toil and tears and blood and many sacrifices! And those who have won it, all the way along the line from Concord Bridge, to the beach-heads of Iwo Jima and Anzio and Inchon, may still be called upon to defend it with blood and tears and sacrifice. Those of us who are privileged to be Americans should give our country that passionate devotion which is above and beyond the call of any duty! For our nation stands proudly—under God!

Americana. What does the word mean? The dictionary says: "A collection of literary, ethnographic, historical or other similar facts, documents, etc., relating to America." But Americana means more—much more—than just a definition in the dictionary. Americana is the backlog of our country, it's the bloodstream of our country, it's the idea and ideal of our country, it's woven into the fabric of our national pride.

And, speaking of fabric, friends of mine, I want to tell you about a sampler that I found, a long while ago, in a secondhand store; it's been a part of my home for many years!

The sampler must have been made

shortly after the Declaration of Independence was drafted by a group of earnest and dedicated men, in Philadelphia. How it came to the junk shop I'll never know. Some family should have preserved it as a part of their goodly heritage.

It isn't a work of art, by any means, this sampler. Some of the words embroidered on it run zigzag, some of the stitches are dropped, but don't be too critical, for the maker of the sampler was just a little girl! At the bottom of it her name—"Annabel, aged nine"—stands out proudly, although one of the n's is a trifle crooked.

Whenever I look at the sampler, I can see that little girl, sitting on a stool, leaning occasionally against her mother's knee when she was tired, glancing wistfully out through a half opened door to the place where other children were playing.

Faded, now, the colors are, rose and blue and red;

Faded, quite, but whispering of a day long dead.

Cross and lazy-daisy stitch, letters that entwine,

Spelling out, for all to read, "Annabel, aged nine."

Such a slender, dainty child, in a pinafore. Sitting at her mother's knee, by the cottage door—

How her gentle fingers worked on the linen square,

How the sunlight found warm gold in her braided hair.

Such a little girl she was, pink-checked Annabel,

Where she lived—and when she died—none of us can tell.

Did she come to know life's pain, life's despair and passion—

Did she dwell, through all her years, in a peaceful fashion?



"I'm sorry I couldn't call sooner, Emmy-Lou—I just came from the library!"

Faded, quite, the colors are, red and blue and rose—

(Maybe they gleam brightly where youth's gay laughter goes!)

Cross and lazy-daisy stitch; letters that entwine—

Spelling out, across the years, "Annabel, aged nine."

I said that the sampler must have been made shortly after the Declaration of Independence was written by a group of earnest and dedicated men. One of the most earnest and dedicated of the group was Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the original version of the Declaration of Independence, but it was Benjamin Franklin who added—certain touches.

I can imagine the following conversation between Thomas Jefferson and his wife Martha. Thomas, a tired man, has come home for dinner:

Thomas: I've had a hard day, Martha.

Martha: You've had more than one hard day, lately—working on that paper of yours! I hope it'll be finished soon.

Thomas: Ben Franklin saw that it was finished, this afternoon.

Martha: What do you mean, Dear?

Thomas: (Angry) He had the temerity to cross out my words—to substitute other words in their place.

Martha: Now, Tom, really! I call that presumptuous!

Thomas: Presumptuous? (Snorts) An understatement! (He Leans Forward) Listen to this, Martha—I wrote, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve political bands—"

Martha: If anybody could improve on that sentence—

Thomas: Ben Franklin thought he could improve on it! He said that "a people" was weak. He changed it to "one people."

Martha: In a way I see his point. One people does strengthen the sentence—slightly.

Thomas: And then there was this line: "They should declare the causes which impel them to threaten separation."

Martha: Yes?

Thomas: Ben crossed out the "threaten," Martha, and substituted "the." He said "threaten" was hesitant and "the" was firm.

Martha: (Quoting thoughtfully) They should declare the causes which impel them to the separation... What did you do about it, Thomas?

Thomas: (Testily) Oh, I let it stand! But when he got down to the place where it said, "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable"—Ben went too far! He crossed out "sacred" and "undeniable" and wrote in "self-evident."

Martha: Benjamin Franklin is a forceful man, Thomas.

Thomas: He wasn't so forceful when he came to his next change. (*With triumph*) I wrote, "He has kept among us in times of peace standing armless and ships of war without our consent." Ben changed it to—"without the consent of our legislatures."

Martha: *Mercy me!* Now, why on earth?

Thomas: He said he was being watchful—(*Angry again*) Watchful! And then, Martha, he started twisting my phrases—

Martha: Your beautiful phrases! Oh, my sweet—

Thomas: I wrote, "giving his assent to their pretended acts of legislation." And Franklin shifted it to read "giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation."

Martha: He only reversed two words but—(*Anxiously*) Were there any other changes?

Thomas: *Were there any other changes!* I could go on and on— (*Stops short*) But I've said enough! Women don't understand these things.

Martha: No, Tom, they don't (*Soft*), but they understand their men! You'll feel better after you've eaten your dinner. Darling. *Much, much better!*

A smart woman can cool down an angry husband and, at the same time, feed his ego, just as July rain cools the air and nourishes lawns and gardens! Autumn rain is dreary and winter rain, mixed with snow and sleet, is often disastrous. Spring rain starts and stops too suddenly. But summer rain has a gentle rhythm which goes on from start to finish, and sometimes it is followed by a rainbow. But on occasion when the rain is over, a fog comes creeping in . . . A special friend of mine wrote a prose poem about fog, and here it is. Her name is Mary Elizabeth MacGregor and she's a year younger than Anabel—she's just 8.

When it rains in the night, in the morning there is fog.

Fog is a good feeling.

You get up and dress, but you don't want to go to school.

You're late, but you don't care.

Fog is like a carriage lifting you up in the air in a lazy way,

It seems like you could fly in it and go far off—

Fog makes you feel good.

Last night I waked with a start and glanced at the window and saw that a gray blanket of fog was pressing against the screen—and suddenly I was alone on a desert island, cut off from everything and everybody. And then, unexpectedly, a finger of light—the dawn's early light—crept through the grayness. I heard my voice whispering—"There'll always be light—when I need it!" ■

When childhood constipation occurs

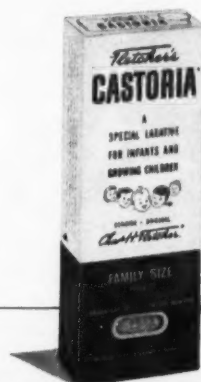
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The Flag Speaks

(Continued from page 16)

"We shall be glad to have your father's band in the parade. They shall march right behind the flag, son. Tell him to be here at ten o'clock and to have all his patriotic numbers." At that the boy's face broke into a smile and he replied, "Already they are waiting beyond the hill, for they believed you would let them come!" And so it was that men from the mine, men of alien tongues and underprivileged surroundings, but men who had found a new hope under Old Glory and whose sons and daughters were already the children of our heritage, followed the flag that day. With the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," they led us to the village burial ground where we remembered our dead and pledged ourselves anew to the unity for which our fathers died and to the fulfillment of the American dream.

America's supreme achievement continues to be the unity toward which the 13 colonies moved, at times with hesitation, but with unfaltering purpose and to which each succeeding generation has made its contribution. To this unity now we dedicate ourselves afresh while in its ever strengthening ties we greatly rejoice. Here is the genius of American liberty, the uniqueness of the freedom that flamed from the sword of Washington, that lived in the words of Jefferson, and that was given its fullest expression by the voice of Abraham Lincoln. In our time it speaks for a new world of understanding and brotherhood and for an enduring peace under world freedom that shall bring its blessings to all peoples. In our time it has sanctified the death of our sons on distant battlefields and remote oceans where they have gone to keep the physical tragedies of war remote from their homes and loved ones. In our time it has made and will yet make privilege more than a mere word, and equal opportunity the practice of both industry and government and the incentive for all races, faiths and colors to live their best for America.

A SOUTHERN governor once said, "More than one-third of the people of this state are Negroes. If these Negroes are uneducated, unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity, then one-third of our people are uneducated, unemployed, underprivileged and without free opportunity." He added, "No man can keep his foot on the neck of another man without staying with him." These are the words with which America faces a new day upon her home continent and enters a

new era in world affairs. We have discovered that it is easier for our sons to fight and die together on the battle front than it is for us to live and work together on the home front, but also from them we have caught the inspiration to face our problems and win our battles in the peace even as they have won the victories that have saved us from the dictators. Just as we could not win the war in our divisions, so we shall lose the peace if in division we face its problems and engage its tasks. We must be Americans all if presently we are to be Americans at all. Our sons demonstrated that loyal each to the royal in himself, each may be loyal to his comrade and to his country. Their unity which has strengthened every worthy individual loyalty, loyalty of faith and of family, also enriched and glorified their common cause. Here, we believe, is the significant quality of American freedom, that which has made it different from all others, that which sets it apart from every other form of government and makes its culture unique.

On this vast continent which sweeps between two oceans—mountains and valleys, prairies and plateaus, rising to the majestic heights of the West and



unfolding then upon the slopes of the Pacific—we are yet creating a new prospect for man and a new hope for his children. If we remain true to the spirit of our founding fathers and mothers, we cannot fail. They searched out the way to these wide shores, they made the brave beginnings and we, with them and our children with us, are the creators of America. The pride that is in us takes no toll from other proud peoples, for they are part of us. Their traditions are behind us, their blood flows in our veins, and we have learned as God would teach us that no man can live unto himself and no nation; that hopelessly or hopefully we are evermore one of another.

The voice of American freedom has been heard in the last desert tent and to the most remote jungle tribe. Never again can the remoteness that we once

fancied or the isolation that we once claimed, be our protection. To save America in peace as in war, we must march with all free men and with all who would be free. If we would save ourselves, we must first serve mankind. Realistically, if self-preservation is the first law of nature, then self-preservation has become the first imperative of the international mind. The psychology of this unity is the psychology of the common agreement. Without prejudice to the faith of any man, we may stand shoulder to shoulder, and go together then the length of our agreements.

WE have now and we shall have work to do that must be done to save our American way of life, to perfect this freedom in our communities and to open yet wider the door of opportunity to those among us who still remain underprivileged. We must live as adventurously as our fathers lived who pioneered the continent and who crossed the last physical frontiers. These economic and social frontiers which now confront us have the same compulsion and for those who come to them under the flag, they possess the same allure. I believe that there is no problem of unemployment, no community problem of old age or any other community problem that will not yield to the intelligence and courage of free men. War has a price, a price so vast in treasure and in blood that the mind is confused by figures and values astronomical, but peace has an even greater price and freedom will never be won in a game of chance.

We, the sons and daughters of the great tradition and children of the unspeakable heritage, pledge ourselves to the as yet unfinished task. In the spirit of one who, being called the Prince of Peace, was not afraid to die for truth, we press on toward the goal. Our trust at last is not in our own strength, for man's strength is not enough and human fortitude is inadequate. Our trust, as was our father's, and our faith, as was the faith of our fathers, is in God who made heaven and earth and who when He created man in his own spiritual image, did not create him to have him conclude in failure.

George Washington said in his farewell address to the people of the United States, "Religion and morality are indispensable supports. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that mo-

ality can be maintained without religion." And without morality, public and private, democracy must languish and die while freedom becomes debased and gradually disappears.

At this time of year our choicest memories and tenderest, are of those whose bodies shall forever rest upon the islands or in the desert sands or beneath the oceans. We deeply mourn, but with the holy purpose to complete that which they so valiantly began. These have not died in vain unless we live in vanity. God helping us we will not do that!

And now, fellow Americans, let the voice of Old Glory be heard! Let the flag speak for itself!

"Hear me, Americans, Americans all,
I am your flag.

I am old;

I was old when the ice age shaped granite
of New England;

I was old when waters forsook the middle
continent;

I was old when the Creator conceived the
Grand Canyon.

I am old;

I was waiting for you when you came.

"Hear me, Americans, Americans all,

I am your flag.

I am young;

I am younger than waters of your man-
made inland seas;

I am younger than your highways and air-
ways of travel;

I am younger than radio's shoreless ocean
of song.

I am young.

I was born at the dawn of today.

"Hear me, Americans, Americans all,

I am your flag.

I am life:

I am the toil and the sweat and the blood
of your fathers;

I am the love and the faith, the travail of
mothers;

I am the comfort of age, I am the chal-
lenge of youth.

I am life:

I am all things to each and to all.

"Hear me, Americans, Americans all,

I am your flag.

One for all,

I am Protestant, I am Catholic, and Jew;
one flag;

I am the mingling of every racial fountain
of earth;

I am the dream, the hope, the goal of men
through the ages.

One for all,

I am now and shall be forever.

"Hear me, Americans, Americans all,

I am your flag.

I am you:

I am mortal only in you; I can fail only
from you;

Forever mine in your strength of differ-
ences, blended whole;

Forever divided you fall, but united you
stand;

I am you,

Hear me, Americans, Americans all.

"I am your flag!" ■

*A poem written by Dr. Poling in 1943.

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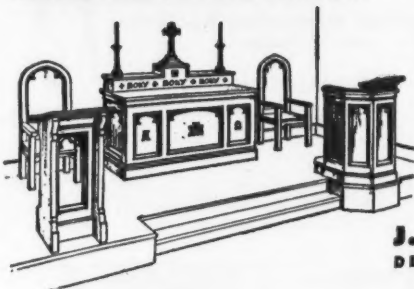
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Reviewed by **DANIEL A. POLING**
RUTH M. ELMQUIST

THE DOG WHO CAME TO STAY, by
Hal Borland (Lippincott, Philadelphia,
192 pp., \$3.75).

This true story of a man and his dog is written with a delightful mixture of affection, humor, heartbeats and wisdom. The deep character of both man and dog is revealed in the best traits of each—loyalty to and respect for each other.

There is a texture to Hal Borland's writing and living that is homespun, "all wool and two yards wide." His philosophy comes through his words with quiet firmness, and his respect for nature and God's world is evident.

Here is a delightful and refreshing book—one for the whole family to read. (A *CHRISTIAN HERALD's Family Bookshelf* selection)—R.M.E.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY, by Sheila
Burnford (Little, Brown, N.Y., 145 pp.,
\$3.75).

No title for a book was ever better chosen and more fully justified. This story of three "dumb" animals—two dogs and a cat who are not so dumb—incredible as it is, nevertheless is convincing. It is a tale of comradeship lifted to the nth degree. How they fought their way through 250 miles of Canadian wilderness, finding their food, circumventing humans who would have detained them, and reaching their goal at last, is—well, you have to read it to know that.—D.A.P.

LONELY BUT NOT ALONE, by Her
Royal Highness Wilhelmina, Princess of
the Netherlands (McGraw-Hill, 248 pp.,
\$5.95).

This is the life story of noble Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, told by herself in simple words and sincere style. It was written, as she says in her introduction, "exclusively for my countrymen. . . I trust the foreign reader will realize that this book was never intended to become a part of world literature."

But the reader abroad will also be interested in all she says about her people, her family, her country during the two world wars and through tragedy brought upon the invaded Netherlands. After a reign of 50 years Wilhelmina decided that her daughter Juliana was more capable of decisions of state and so she abdicated, becoming once again "Her Royal Highness Princess Wilhelmina." Today, in her eighties and living in retirement, she still influences her people. From her they have learned a lesson of respect of one generation for another, and also that she knows she is "lonely, but not alone" because of her great faith in God. (A *CHRISTIAN HERALD's Family Bookshelf Bonus Book*)—R.M.E.

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UNDER ORDERS: THE CHURCHES AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS, by Roswell P. Barnes (Doubleday, N.Y., 138 pp., \$2.95).

This is a book of scholarly distinction. The author reveals himself as the competent and eloquent appraiser of the ecumenical movement. In what he covers both historically and as an interpreter, he is just about beyond criticism. But much is not covered. For instance, the repudiation of the layman advisory group which the National Council of Churches had itself set up and which took issue with the Council's pronouncements in public affairs. This group had never sought veto power, but it had been given the assurance that its counsel would be sought before the pronouncements were released to the public. Dissenters, as they became articulate in the Council, disappear from departments and committees, quietly as a rule, but they disappear. As to evangelism, the author has dealt with it but so passionately that one could feel he omits the topic altogether.

Among the topics covered in this dynamic volume are: Why Are Churches Involved in Public Affairs? Social Problems in the Usual Functions of the Church. Relations with Other Agencies: Government, Other Community Agencies, Other Faiths. Christian Unity and International Conflict.

Major Social Problem Areas: The following are among those treated: Economic Life, Race Relations, Foreign Policy, Social Welfare, Moral and Ethical Standards, Communism, etc.

Typical of the author's tone of finality, on page 131 he writes, "National church agencies, denominational and interdenominational, and the World Council of Churches are in a better position than local churches to know about interests and purposes that condition the national newspaper, magazine, radio, television and other impacts upon the people. It is a function of the world and national organizations to deal with these interests."

This author belongs to the present-day Protestant hierarchy and speaks with conviction as such.

One may well question the following: "The World Council of Churches is controlled by its 172-member national denominational bodies. The denominations are in turn controlled by their local churches, except in some totalitarian nations where the national denominational bodies are under coercion by the national government. In our country the National Council of Churches is controlled by its national denominational members." There are many who believe that the N.C.C. is controlled by its executive officers.

The author of *Under Orders* is autobiographical even to the first person pronoun—he publishes his measured responsibility for shaping the career of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

This volume, with its many things to be commended, is also another demonstration of the authoritarian character of the Protestant ecumenical movement. Certainly the ecumenical movement is not unique in the matters discussed in this review. Business, labor, education, all use such pressures. But the professed voice of united Protestantism has developed its own sys-

tem to what is, to this reviewer at least, an alarming degree. One cannot escape the conclusion that, as of now, the central purpose and passion of the Council of Churches is organic union, ecclesiastical bigness first, rather than spiritual greatness.—D.A.P.

DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVES, by Karl Barth (Harper, N.Y., 160 pp., \$3).

This volume of sermons and prayers reveals to me a new and different Karl Barth. On these pages he moves out of his scholarly theological robes into the prison at Basel, Switzerland. Here he leads the convicts in prayer and preaches to them in words that open to them the way to God. Simple, heart-warming and creative are these messages.—D.A.P.

KEY NEXT DOOR, by Leslie D. Weatherhead (Abingdon, Nashville, Tenn., 256 pp., \$3.50).

Britain's most popular and one of the English speaking world's most distinguished preachers selects 26 of his most representative sermons for this volume. The book comes from the presses as Dr. Weatherhead concludes his 24 years of preaching at City Temple in London. Among the sermon subjects are: The Robe of Christ; The Christian Reaction to Grief; The Case Against God; The Quality of Mercy; The Nature and Use of Freedom; Why I Believe in Life After Death; Loneliness; Man's Need and God's Answer; The Key Next Door; etc. etc.

Dr. Weatherhead has the ability to inspire other preachers without encouraging them to plagiarism. It was my privilege to sit in the congregation of Dr. Weatherhead on his last Sunday before retirement. It was my conclusion that he had no business to retire.—D.A.P.

THE 34 PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES—MEN OF FAITH, by Bliss Isely (W. A. Wilde, Boston, 290 pp., \$4.50).

These pages are crowded with the stories of Christian faith and purpose as the nation's supreme executives lived and practiced it. The record is complete up to now with the ringing words of President John F. Kennedy, or rather the words from the Book of Micah as quoted by the President who submitted them as "a copy of my favorite text," "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"—D.A.P.

THE BLACK MUSLIMS IN AMERICA, by C. Eric Lincoln (Beacon Press, Boston, 276 pp., \$4.95).

Does it seem incredible that there should be now in the United States of America an organization of more than 100,000 negroes who preach black autonomy, black supremacy, black union against the white world? The aim is an autonomous black nation carved out of territory today under the flag of the United States. The organization is anti-Christian and anti-white. You just won't believe it until you read it. Ridiculous? Yes, but also ominous.—D.A.P.

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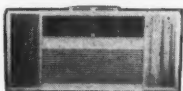


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NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Reviewed by MARION W. FARQUHARSON

THE BIG RAIN, by Francoise. This sixth Jeanne Marie book will be greeted with delight by 2- to 5-year-olds who should own at least one of the series. The pictures are in the gay, colorful style of the others, but the story is perhaps more dramatic. There's a flood, and people and animals must be rescued. Jeanne Marie helps and with her friends cleans the mud out of the houses. (Scribner, \$2.95)

JESUS' FIRST TRIP, by Robbie Trent. In this first-grade reader with pencil drawings tinted in blue and yellow, Joseph and Mary take the Baby Jesus to Egypt. Simple wayside things that a baby might notice are pictured. (Broadman, \$1)

ANIMAL CLOCKS AND COM-PASSES, from *Animal Migration to Space Travel*, by Margaret O. Hyde. Young scientists will find answers to many questions and a new fund of fascinating information in this discussion of the natural built-in rhythms which rule the lives of many animals, birds and insects. Though the information is brief, it's clear and intriguing and will lead to further reading. There is a chapter of suggestions for experiments. (Whittlesey House, \$2.95)

THE MAJESTY OF GRACE, by Jane Langton. Many a small girl dreams of herself as a queen or princess. Grace's make-believe becomes a little too real to her when she decides she is the rightful heir to the British throne—hidden from her enemies with a poor (but nice) American family. After a series of funny and heart-warming incidents, Grace decides it is wonderful to be the one and only Grace Jones, daughter of Mom and Pop, even if there is a depression and Pop is out of work. Girls 9 to 11. (Harper, \$2.95)

A BRAND-NEW UNCLE, by Kate Seredy. Seven children of his own, 12 grandchildren with more to come, and assorted pets were getting Papa down. "If one more thing happens in this house tonight... I'll... walk out of this place," and that was the night Chippy chose to have four new puppies in his bed. Papa and Mama started out to live a new life with no demands upon them, but it wasn't long before they acquired three kittens and an interest in a reform-school boy. They headed home with new pets and the boy who will be uncle to all the grandchildren. A warmly written story, convincing though slightly sentimental. (Viking, \$3.)

A WILD GOOSE TALE, by Wilson Gage and Glen Rounds. Chuck's continual bad luck was humiliating and he was sure Uncle Bill would never take him to the

woods again. Uncle Bill was understanding, though, and told Chuck the life story of Chen, the wild goose the boy had accidentally hooked with a fishing line. Humor and nature lore are combined with attractive pen drawings by Glen Rounds. For 9-to-11-year-olds. (World, \$2.95)

CLIPPEN'S PALACE, by Madye Lee Chastain. This is a really good story—a warm, wish-come-true tale of four orphans who run away from a cruel uncle and come to New York in the clipper-ship era. Twelve-year-old Mandy, her older brother, Peter, and the 7-year-old twins are all worth knowing, as are the varied friends they make in the shabby rooming house, Clippen's Palace. (Harcourt, \$3.)

SEDGE-HILL SETTER, by Tom Person. It's the familiar theme of a boy's love for his dog, but this story is set in quail country and Sad is a setter trained from puppyhood by young Lee. Human relationships form background for the story of Lee and his dog. (Longmans, \$2.95)

WILD ANIMAL MAN, by Damoo Dhotre as told to Richard Taplinger. Damoo Dhotre tells his own story in this account of a small East Indian boy who became a great animal trainer, finally putting on his act in the center ring of Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus. It's a story of courage, danger, narrow escapes and accidents, though the trainer's love and respect for his tigers, lions and leopards is always evident, and helps the reader to forgive the egotism expressed in pictures and text. (Little, Brown, \$3.50)

THE DALAI LAMA, by Lowell Thomas, Jr. This journalist's account of the young Dalai Lama's life gives a sympathetic picture of the god-king of Tibet. There's a folk-lore quality to the events of the boy's life from his fifth year to the time of his escape to India about 20 years later. He emerges as an intelligent, humble, earnest, spiritual and courageous person, who will appeal strongly to young people. (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$3.50)

JESUS OF ISRAEL, by Marchette Chute. With the same scholarly approach she used in the writing of *Shakespeare of London* the author has reverently written the story of Jesus. Her sources are all contemporary, mostly the four Gospels, and with complete honesty she points out discrepancies among them and gives reasons for the version of each incident she believes best to express the truth, usually choosing the Gospel according to St. John. Intelligent young people will read this with great respect. (Dutton, \$3.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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JOHNNY and his friend have never known the joys of a summer day in the country. They have never roamed through woods and fields of wild flowers with a friendly dog, never romped down a country road with sky-larking playmates.

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Daily Meditations

By ROBERT E. LUCCOCK

Saturday, July 1

READ: GENESIS 4:1-10

Nowhere more than in our automobiles do we face the choice of life and death for ourselves and those who are our brothers in Christ. Not only on this week end but always we should approach our driving with prayer.

Father in heaven: Save me from the sins of carelessness or recklessness which endanger the lives of others. Discipline my mind and body with the demands of divine love as revealed in Jesus Christ, which say that I must love the other driver as I love myself. Give me and all others on the road today such control of mind and body that this highway may be safe for children. In the spirit of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Sunday, July 2

READ: JOHN 14:27

Emerson once wrote, "God offers to every man the choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both." He was right. The truth about ourselves and our world disturbs our complacency; and if we take it seriously it calls us out to do dangerous things. But truth need not take away serenity. A person may be serene in his confidence of God's power and with assurance face the most unpleasant, demanding truth.

O God, awaken us and let us adventure where truth shall lead. Amen.

Monday, July 3

READ: ACTS 22:25-28

The things which both Paul and the Roman tribune said in this account are important for us to remember as Independence Day approaches. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom," said the tribune. It cost a great sum—of courage, sacrifice, life itself—to pur-

chase our nation's freedom, both in the beginning struggle for liberty and thereafter in defense of that liberty. We are the inheritors of that costly endowment; we say with Paul, "But I was born free." Without lifting a finger we possess all that America's life blood has secured in blessings of liberty and justice. But such liberty is kept only by paying a great price of love for freedom.

Show us, our Father, how we must love our liberty both as Americans and Thy children. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Tuesday, July 4

READ: I THESSALONIANS 5:6

In 1814 Francis Scott Key watched all night the bombardment of the American fortress off Baltimore, and then saw the flag still waving in the dawn: "O'er the ramparts we watched." We must take those words out of the past tense; we still watch the ramparts of our free way of life. None is more important than our religious life which is the soil out of which our most important freedoms have come.

We would both watch and pray, our Father, that no freedom be lost for anyone by our neglect. Amen.

Wednesday, July 5

READ: JAMES 2:14-17

The best care one can give sterling flatware is hard use. Surprising? Yet daily use makes polishing almost unnecessary and gives the metal a much desired patina. Is the same not true also of our faith? The only way to keep its luster is to use it. A faith that is put away to be used only on the great occasions first tarnishes and finally becomes unusable. Are the great affirmations of God's judgment and love among the resources we will use in this day?

O God, may we not hide but use the Gospel of Christ. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thursday, July 6

READ: LUKE 9:57-62

A fussy traveler was finding much trouble in placing her belongings. She put bundles first on the seat, then on the floor. She opened and closed windows, adjusted shades and fidgeted about like a nervous hen. When her husband protested, she said, "I want to get fixed so I can see the scenery comfortable." But he shook his head. "Susan, we ain't goin' far, and the scenery will be all over before you get fixed to enjoy it." Many people go through life "getting fixed to enjoy it"—while life passes and is gone. Every day God's world is before us to see and enjoy.

Lord, save us from blindness and fussing with ourselves, that we may see the wonder of Thy creation. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, July 7

READ: ISAIAH 43:1-3

During the war a New Zealander once said, "The grace of God is like the mysterious ever-present power of healing in nature. When we are pinked (slang for wounded) all the forces of health in the body are rushed to that spot to repair the damage. In the spiritual world a power of healing is always at work, if we let it have its way and work with it." One could scarcely put it better than that.

Come, Holy Spirit, to heal the wounds of life that are beyond our help, and bind up into wholeness what we cannot mend. For Christ's sake. Amen.

Saturday, July 8

READ: ISAIAH 61:1, 2

It must be the mission of Christ's

CHRISTIAN HERALD

followers to bring release to those whom they can help who remain in any bondage, physical, moral, spiritual. Helen Keller once said of herself: "Reason hardly warranted Anne Sullivan's attempt to transform a little half-human, half-animal, deaf-blind child into a complete being. Neither science nor philosophy could set such a goal, but faith, the eye of love, did. I did not know I had a soul. Then the God in a wise heart drew me out of nothingness with cords of human love and the life belt of language and lo! I found myself."

O God, may our hearts be wise and eager for Thee to work through us.

Sunday, July 9

READ: REVELATION 2:1-7

On the days of this week our meditations will be upon the seven letters found in the book of Revelation, written about A.D. 100 by John to seven churches in Asia Minor. Today's letter is the one to Ephesus, where the Christians had abandoned the love they had at first. H. B. Swete writes on this passage: "Patience and unremitting toil in His cause are not all that Christ requires, and, indeed, are of little value, if love be absent." "I will not forget what He did for me!"—William Barclay

Lord, help us always to keep the love in which we first knew Thee. Amen.

Monday, July 10

READ: REVELATION 2:8-11

W. R. Maltby once said Christ promised His people three things—that they would be in constant trouble, that they would be completely fearless and that they would be absurdly happy. People in Smyrna found this was true. Two thousand years have not changed it. To take Christ seriously means trouble from those whose ways Christ threatens. But somehow with Christ one can abide all fears of trouble. Christian joy seems always absurd to the world. But the Christian sees a world beyond.

O God, arm us with joy that we may live with and through our fears. Amen.

Tuesday, July 11

READ: REVELATION 2:12-17

Before we conclude that this letter is just ancient history, no longer relevant to our situation, we ought to reflect on one verse: "to put a stumbling block before the sons of Israel." How easy for us to put stones of stumbling in the way of others. Consider the temptation to flaunt our supposed emancipation from more traditional ways of thinking, thus confusing the faith of someone who cannot follow us in understanding. Or the temptation to entice others into situations where their weakness is exposed.

JULY 1961



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*May we guard the words of our lips
and the actions of our lives that none
may stumble because of us. Amen.*

Wednesday, July 12

READ: REVELATION 2:18-29

The contemporary dramatist S. N. Behrman once said in effect: "If I ever tolerate the things I should hate I hope they will take me out and shoot me." Strong medicine? Certainly strong language, but spoken out of the understanding that tolerance of evil cannot itself be allowed (to himself) by anyone who would be on the side of the angels. The Christians of Thyatira tolerated Jezebel when they should have rebuked her. Is this not a common failure; it's so easy to look the other way, take a "broad" outlook toward evil.

*Keep us alike from self-righteousness
and from easy tolerance, O God, Amen.*

Thursday, July 13

READ: REVELATION 3:1-6

The second verse is the one to read with fear and trembling: "Awake and strengthen what . . . is on the point of death." Barclay suggests that there are two points where everyone must be unceasingly vigilant: *at his weak point*, and *at his strong point*. In Shakespeare's great tragedies the main figures were each undone by a fatal weakness. With Macbeth, ambition; with Othello, jealousy; with Hamlet, indecision. There is in every person some habit or disposition which if not watched may prove fatal. And his strong point? If ever we say, "This is one thing at least which I would never do," that is the very thing that may be our downfall.

*Guard us against ourselves, O God,
that we may not be betrayed by our
weakness or deceived by our strength.*

Friday, July 14

READ: REVELATION 3:7-13

"You have kept my word of patient endurance . . . hold fast what you have." Terrible days were yet to come upon the people of ancient Philadelphia. They had been faithful heretofore; John urges them to persevere still. The Christian life calls for an initial surrender and commitment, but after that it is a life-long perseverance. An old sailor once taught Joseph Conrad how to steer a sailing ship. "In a storm there is only one thing to do—keep her facing it." In life's storms—only one thing will do: keep facing them with Christ.

*In Thy strength may we keep facing
the storm, knowing that Thou canst
uphold us in all the deep places. Amen.*

Saturday, July 15

READ: REVELATION 3:14-22

"Laodicean" has come to describe

the wishy-washy person who stands for nothing—neither hot nor cold but lukewarm. But no one can be a lukewarm Christian; it is a contradiction in terms. The Christian Gospel arouses enthusiasm or it is not the true Gospel. The Greek word for *hot* in verse 15 is *zestos*, which means "boiling point." Every Christian must have his boiling points—where he boils in anger over injustice, where he boils over with zest and happiness at the joy of living, or with energy in doing the will of God. What is your boiling point?

*Enter Thou our souls and quicken us
to overflowing love. Amen.*

Sunday, July 16

READ: ROMANS 14:17

Something is missing from the faith of the Christian whose life is not full of joy. Not a chattering cheeriness (although the Christian will usually be cheerful), but a deep inner joy at having been found by God, and having received God's forgiveness. Sorrow cannot take this joy away, neither can sin nor pain destroy it—because we belong to God. Storms and darkness, yes. Pain and sorrow, yes. But no night when the sun is gone! This is our joy.

*God, forgive us that so often our lives
have been empty of joy. In Jesus' name.*

Monday, July 17

READ: II CORINTHIANS 6:3

People can stumble over insignificant trifles and so be offended at the Christian way. A small nail on a wide highway can puncture a tire and wreck a car. One mosquito can spoil the most magnificent view or the rarest conversation. In the same way some "unimportant" habit—some irritating mannerism, some offensive attitude can obstruct the Christian appeal that might reach others. Our own lives may deny the words we profess! A harsh temper, a cocksure attitude, a freedom seemingly without discipline—these may be stones of stumbling to those who will miss the Way on account of us.

*O God, let us put no obstacles in any-
one's way toward Thee. Amen.*

Tuesday, July 18

READ: MATTHEW 12:30

Abraham Lincoln's cousin Hanks was one of the best river-boat pilots on the Mississippi. On one trip his brother-in-law so pestered him by telling him he was a better pilot that Hanks surrendered the wheel to him in a gesture of: "Now show me!" Suddenly in a tight place of swirling currents an island appeared ahead. Brother-in-law yelled out: "Which side shall I try to pass on?" "Either, but not both," yelled back Hanks. But the inexperienced brother-

CHRISTIAN HERALD

in-law evidently tried both, for the next moment the boat was piled up on the island. You can either be with Christ, or against Him—not both!

We pray we may not bring life to disaster by trying to be on both sides of difficult choices. For Christ's sake.

Wednesday, July 19

READ: HEBREWS 6:7-9

Frequently parents, teachers or leaders of children, misguided in their concern for the sensitivities of a child, mistakenly try to protect him against pain and evil. Agnes Reppelier has wisely admonished us: "To withhold from a child some knowledge—apportioned to his understanding—of the world's sorrows and wrongs is to cheat him of his kinship with humanity." Jesus learned obedience to life's necessities and God's will through what He suffered.

May we so direct our children's experience of suffering that through it they may not grow bitter but learn a compassion and kinship with God and men. For Christ's sake. Amen.

Thursday, July 20

READ: JOHN 6:63; PHILIPPIANS 2:5

Rufus Jones calls to mind the observation of Emerson: If you hold a straw parallel to the Gulf Stream, the ocean will flow through the straw. It is true also that when a life comes into parallel direction with celestial currents, the divine Spirit will flow through it. In grief God's abiding love can uphold us, in perplexity God's greatness can sustain us, in fear God's encouragement can steady us—if we open ourselves to the inflowing of His Spirit.

The tide of Thy spirit rises within us, O God. We will fear nothing which this day may bring. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, July 21

READ: MARK 5:35-43

After Jesus raised this little girl from her death-like sleep, Mark tells us the people were overcome with amazement. But a few minutes earlier they had laughed at Jesus when He told them the girl was only asleep. Are we offended that people should laugh at the Master? Surprising! Because we laugh at Him ourselves and often for the same reasons. "What, love the Communists? Don't be silly!" "Turn the other cheek? After all!" "You mean celebrate because this good-for-nothing bum comes home feeling sorry? Are you kidding?" We laugh at Jesus, too. It calls for more faith to take Him at His word.

O Christ, we hear Thee with trust, and trust Thee with love, and love Thee with all our heart. For Thy name's sake.

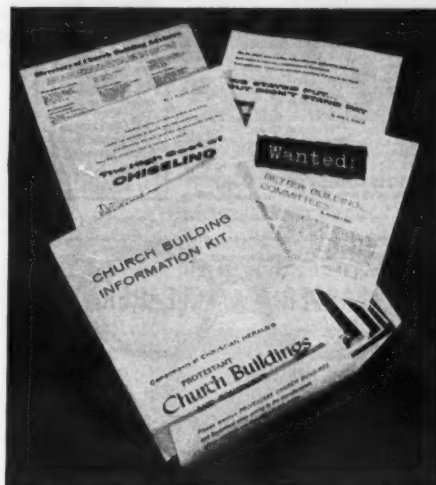
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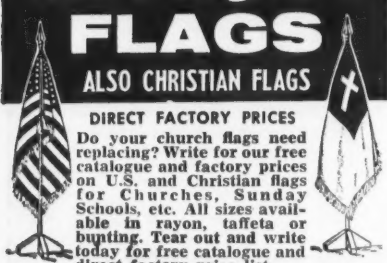
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Saturday, July 22

READ: PSALM 127:1; JOHN 3:3

Life is altogether conditional. All things demand their price. The word *except (unless)* attaches to every promise, qualifies every great hope.

"Except the Lord build the house. . . ." No one builds a house where love endures who does not build it on the love of God, on the faith that all personality is sacred because God loves it. "Except a man be born again. . . ." unless I re-orient my whole life so that it is held in moral orbit by the pull of God's righteousness, I will not see His Kingdom.

O God, make me consider all Thy promises, and know the conditions of all Thy blessings. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Sunday, July 23

READ: PSALM 27:13

In the Authorized Version the same word *except (unless)* appears in this verse—but in a different sense. As used here the word is like a strand of cable thrown across a chasm to carry a bridge. "I had fainted *unless* I had believed. . . ." God's love will carry us across the deepest ravine. He does provide the *except* when we need it in extremity, if we will trust Him without exception.

O God, may we be sure of Thy defense for us always. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Monday, July 24

READ: LUKE 11:27, 28

This woman has been carried away with emotion. Jesus brings her sharply back to reality. Inspired feelings are fine, but only when they lead to obedience and commitment. At the Easter pageant in Radio City Music Hall, N.Y., every year the audience bursts into applause when the Cross is formed by women carrying lilies. Not withstanding the beauty of the pageant, it is a false emotion. The cross should not provoke applause but humility and consecration.

O God, quicken us to keep Thy word as well as hear it. For Jesus' sake.

Tuesday, July 25

READ: JEREMIAH 2:8

Kate O'Brien observes about Samuel Pepys' *Diary*: "A little of it goes a long way, and at that leaves me bored. To have dared so much for so tiny a result . . . it is, for all its pieties devoid of spiritual pain." What withering comments to make of any man! How awful the danger they could be said of us. We frequently risk so much—of reputation, integrity, honor, sometimes life itself for the most trivial reasons and for things that profit so little, not in money

but in spiritual growth. Often to avoid pain we refuse the experiences that through their pain might mean spiritual growth.

Keep us from going after the things which do not profit Thee and which hinder us in our love for Thee. Amen.

Wednesday, July 26

READ: PSALM 1

James Anthony Froude has said: "One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness: that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run, it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked." That is a great comfort. To know that the moral grain of creation itself is toward the good and the true is both encouragement and support for the person who has hard things to do in support of goodness. God may not pay His moral wages each Saturday night. It is worth any price to be on the side of God and history.

Encourage us to find delight in Thy laws, O God, not for any quick reward but because to serve and love Thee is reward enough. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Thursday, July 27

READ: GALATIANS 6:7-10

J. Wallace Hamilton tells of the wife who asked her husband: "Can you give me a little money?" "Yes," he said, "how little?" The image of the penurious husband is always good for a laugh. Or, perhaps he knows his wife well! But suppose a farmer went out to his ten-acre field with a five-pound sack of wheat under his arms, saying, "How little can I get by with?" The farmer asks instead, "How much will it take to get a good harvest?"

When God asks, through the Church, through any people who are in need, "Can you help?" do we instinctively say, "Yes, how little?"

Arouse us to generous response, till we ask of every need: How much can I help? For Christ's sake. Amen.

Friday, July 28

READ: LUKE 2:41-46

James Thurber tells a parable of the city dog and the country dog. The city dog knew all the answers. When he visited in the country he saw no need to ask questions about anything—not even a porcupine. He knew all the answers. So he got all the quills in his nose! "It is better to ask questions than to know all the answers." Every day we can learn some truth by asking questions. God saves us from conceit in knowing, and fear of asking. "And they found Jesus in the temple among the teachers asking them questions."

CHRISTIAN HERALD

We do not know all the answers, O God. Teach us to ask and listen. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Saturday, July 29

READ: HEBREWS 4:14-16

Jim Harget tells of the family who took a historical tour of the East Coast, stopping continually to read the markers along the roadside. Later the 6-year-old son told what impressed him most about our country's past: "I think it was thoughtful of all those people to make history right along the main highways." Christians have always felt the same way about Jesus. He has for us the saving power of sympathy and love because He traveled the same highways we walk. He was tempted as we are, suffered as we do, died as we must. He made history that saves us on the street where we live.

Walk with us this day, O Christ, as we meet temptations and difficulties. Make the history of this day to reveal Thy presence and power. In Thy name. Amen.

Sunday, July 30

READ: ISAIAH 41:10

Twenty-one times in the Bible is this exact promise made—and how many times more is it given in parallel words! We pass through no deep waters unaccompanied, nor any fire unprotected. This assurance is great comfort in times of trouble and need—no darkness where God cannot and will not find us. This promise is substantial support in times when our strength is insufficient—to endeavors beyond all human powers we can ask God to lend His aid. This pledge is wonderful incentive to reach for the highest, to try for the best and to spurn unholy contentments.

Sometimes our lives are not worthy for Thee to know, O God. But abide with us, even so, and make us true and strong, clean and unafraid. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Monday, July 31

READ: DEUTERONOMY 20:1-4; PSALMS 145:18; 119:151

The verses from Deuteronomy were written to comfort and encourage the Jews by the assurance that God goes with them. Whether to vacation or business, on missions of mercy or sorrow, in sickness or in health, we never journey beyond God's company. He is as near to us at journey's end as when we start and promises victory for the Spirit as surely on strange soil as on our own.

Thanks be to Thee, O God, who art everywhere our companion and defender. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

JULY 1961

Stranger in the Land
(Continued from page 24)

Some ghastly mistake had been made, I realized. Much, much later the careless telegraph clerk came to apologize for writing 40 instead of .04. But how to help Janet now? I eased her pain somewhat with a soothing ointment and tried to form a plan. It was too late to get a car out from Sendai in time to make the night express to Tokyo. The only thing we could do was to wait through the night and take the slower morning train, which stopped frequently on its 240 hot miles to Tokyo and wouldn't reach there until late afternoon.

Next morning the taxi I ordered was due at Takayama at six o'clock. But that didn't mean that it would pull up at the door. There was a half-mile walk from our cottage down a cliff path, across the beach and along paddy dikes before we reached the road where the taxi would meet us. Janet couldn't make it. She was quite feverish by now, her mouth was swollen unrecognizably and there were blackish spots forming.

Carrying her in a wicker chair seemed the best solution, so at five o'clock when I knew the fishermen would be putting out for the morning catch I went down on the beach and told them my little girl was ill. Their sampans were already pulled down to the water line, the nets stacked for casting, but there was no hesitation, no demur. Four of them dragged their sampans back from the wash of surf, caught up several lengths of rope for carrying the chair, and climbed the hill with me.

One look at Janet and they shook their heads in numb sympathy. Too stricken for sitting in a chair, they told each other softly; better carry her lying in bed. An iron cot carried along a cliff path? Oh truly easy, truly safe, they assured me earnestly. They tied a short length of rope around each cot leg. Then in simple undramatic sequence they tied the free ends around their necks and steadied the slack with their hands. If one of them slipped, he'd strangle himself, I quavered. "That likelihood renders our steps more accurate."

They went down the path, crossed the beach and straddled the narrow paddy dikes in this fashion, balancing, easing, holding the cot level, with never a jolt or a jerk, and lifted her into the car with the same tender precision. Then they stood back, lowering their heads politely so I wouldn't be embarrassed by the sympathetic mist gathering in their eyes. Weeks later when I tried to make some sort of recompense for the time they'd taken from their nets, from providing that day's food for

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their families, these same fishermen lifted their heads in succinct dignity. "The child was ill, wasn't she? Naturally we helped," they told me in dismissal of the subject.

Driving into Sendai that morning, though, all I could think of was the nightmare of the journey ahead—nine hours on a hot, dusty train without a bed, without reclining seats even, and no ice. Once aboard the train, I summoned the conductor and told him I'd pay for six full-fare tickets if he would detach three of the double-seat cushions and lay them together on the baggage-car floor to form a sort of bed where Janet could lie, and where I could make cold compresses from the fast-melting ice I'd bought at the station.

He took a long comprehending look at Janet, and disappeared. He was back shortly, gathered Janet into his arms, and told me to follow. We pushed towards the rear through at least eight crowded third-class carriages and came to the vestibule of a plush private car. Dimly, in the Sendai station, I'd been aware that some personage was aboard from the bustle of many frock-coated gentlemen on the platform and the rousing "Banzai's" as the train pulled out.

Now a frock-coated secretary opened the door, bowed us in, saying: "The Minister is sorry to hear of your child's grievous illness. He asks that you accept his bedroom."

"The Minister"—that meant one of the Emperor's cabinet officers.

"But we can't intrude—" I hesitated.

Another face appeared behind the secretary. I recognized Ushio, Home Minister, the equivalent of our Secretary of the Interior. I'd met him at our embassy earlier that spring, but obviously I was some unknown foreigner to him now. "You have need of a bed for your stricken child," he said simply. "Please allow me to provide it. You are guests in my country."

Janet was laid on an immaculate bed, a fan beamed on her, a clean length of gauze placed over her face to screen dust and flies, and fresh towels laid out for cold compresses. At the next station several ice bags and an ice pillow were put aboard, along with two large blocks of ice, obviously by telegraphic request. A coolie appeared to chop ice in the vestibule and the subsequent blocks put aboard at each station of our crawl across a plain simmering in 100-degree temperature.

There was no dining car attached to the train: the routine in those days was that passengers either brought lunch with them or bought favorite regional dishes from platform vendors en route. Before I had given a thought to food, however, a cooling barley-water brew for moistening Janet's poor lips was

handed in, along with a steaming bowl of eels on rice and some mountain peaches for me.

All afternoon a coolie chopped ice, emptied bags and filled them again with chips. We literally packed Janet's forehead, neck and shoulders in ice, fighting the heat outside and inside her body. Later, doctors told me that the ice packs and fluids had undoubtedly helped to save her life, staving off consuming fever and the malignant poison gathering in the decomposing tissue of her mouth. (Weeks later her mouth was completely healed.)

Numbly I must have sensed this when we drew into Ueno Station, and I saw a St. Luke's ambulance and interns waiting for us. But when I groped



CRISES

Be not dismayed if you are overwhelmed

By loss that has no answer on its face,
Or grief that leaves your very life un-
helled,
Or rage that makes you, briefly, lost to
grace.

The passion of the hour will pass away.
No turbulence can crest and hold for long
Our crises come to visit, not to stay
The heat of anger often cools to song.

The testing hours of danger, ruin, birth,
Or worsening disease that holds no hope,
Provide new concepts of our strength
and worth;

And probe our tolerance, our depth, our
scope.

The calmest life must have its ebb and
flow.

We cannot function, drifting with the
tide;

And we must have our crises, who would
grow.

Bear faithfully the storm. It will subside.

—Gerald F. Fisher



for words to express even a portion of my grateful appreciation to Minister Ushio, he shook his head in strict negation and said: "I had to do what little I could. You are a guest in my country."

His words bound my heart and spirit to a code I've tried to live by ever since. As my life takes me to other far places of the world I try always to do what little I can to smooth the way of people I meet, particularly those in need of assistance. I have a debt of gratitude to repay: not only for the spontaneous sympathy and help given Janet and me that day, but for the exemplary lesson in human compassion taught me by strangers. ■

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Angel of Sunshine Church (Continued from page 20)

Atlanta was raging that summer of 1864, 26-year-old Betty Hunt was living with her babies, Emily and Robert, on the old Hunt plantation which had been in the family for four generations.

Daughter of a Macon, Ga., physician, Dr. Robert Carver, of Massachusetts ancestry, she had come here as a bride, well-taught, as Southern girls were, in running a large household.

For three years Betty had been managing the plantation alone, for young Captain Jesse Hunt and his eight brothers were off to the war.

While the men were gone, emancipation had loosed the slaves. Furloughed home to see how things were going, Jesse found his Negroes still in their little homes back of the Big House, "not studyin' to leave Young Miss." In the face of an invading army, they clung to her like children. Babies, Negroes and Jesse's eldest sister, Ann Haskell, with failing sight, who lived alone three miles away, all depended on Betty Hunt.

Sunshine Church, the spiritual home of the neighborhood, lay peacefully between the Haskell and Hunt plantations. On that fateful July day it was caught between two combatting armies.

The assault on Atlanta, arsenal of the Confederacy, had not been as easy as General Sherman had hoped. Supplies were still pouring in from the South.

Macon, the Confederate treasury 90 miles to the southeast, held captive 1100 Northern officers. Andersonville prison was about 50 miles beyond. Sherman could use the help of these prisoners in crushing Southern resistance.

Sherman well knew that General Lee had not concentrated all his military might on the Richmond lines. There were at least three generals of exceptional valor and ability left to hold Georgia.

At Lovejoy, 15 miles south of Atlanta, waited General "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. With him was General Alfred Iverson. A native Georgian, Iverson knew the roads and rivers like the lines on his palm.

There was a third Confederate general in Sherman's path, but Joseph Johnston was temporarily out of commission resting from battle wounds in Macon. He would have no army there but the young and maimed.

Sherman had four fine cavalry generals for the South Georgia conquest. While he himself assailed Atlanta, these four—Generals Stoneman, Garrard, Kilpatrick and McCook—were to soften up Georgia for his march to the sea.

West Pointer George Stoneman, who

commanded a cavalry of 3000 men at Decatur, east of Atlanta, was sent on a three-fold mission. First, he must proceed to Lovejoy with the three other Northern generals and "destroy" Wheeler. Next, they must cut the railroads and supply lines at Atlanta. This accomplished, Stoneman must take Macon, and finally Andersonville, and for this task he had in his wagon trains arms for 30,000 men.

Of all these objectives, one inflamed Stoneman's heart. If his name could be emblazoned across history as "The Liberator of Andersonville," he would be content. Every Northern mother, wife and sister was praying for this liberation. So great a feat would gain a man the gratitude of the entire nation.

Andersonville prison had been in operation only since the November before. Though there were rumors, Betty Hunt and other Georgians knew little of what was going on, except that the enemy was there. Struggling alone for the fourth year, the women were hard put to raise enough food for themselves, not dreaming of the inhuman conditions at Andersonville or that the prison keeper was a maniac.

But Stoneman knew, and now he had the arms, supplies, the swiftly-moving troops, the time to strike. Leaving Wheeler and the railroads' destruction to the other Northern generals, he veered to the southeast in an arc, pillaging and burning his way through Covington, Monticello, Hillsboro, Round Oak and Clinton. Though he passed the Hunt plantation, for some reason he did not touch it. Since he encountered no resistance, Macon was soon reached.

As Stoneman fired his first triumphal shots into Macon, a fierce cannonade hit him full face.

General Johnston had roused from his sick bed, rallied the young and maimed to man the freight-car guns. So vigorous was the repulse that the Northerners fell back to reroute around the city. This was no time for Stoneman to dissipate his strength on anything or anyone but the suffering thousands at Andersonville. It was worth his all.

By now, Wheeler had instructed General Iverson to attack the invader where he found him. With only 1300 Confederates at his command, Iverson dogged and harassed the Northerners on the 15-mile retreat from Macon to Clinton, then swung around to encompass the wooded hill at Sunshine Church ten miles beyond. Here he knew every knob and knoll.

When Stoneman reached this place, the morning of July 31, 1864, he rode into a V-shaped trap. Enflamed by shot and shell, terrified by rebel yells from hill to hill, Stoneman believed himself surrounded by a great Confederate force.

The sturdy little log church stood

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shock after shock of rifle fire. Its windows were shattered, the trees broken and torn. As far as Ann Haskell's door, the fields were strewn with dead and dying, horses and battered guns.

Stoneman's left flank gave way. Ordering them to break out if they could, he remained with 600 men in a holding fight.

All through the morning the battle raged. Stoneman's horse was shot from under him; the Confederates cut his army in two. There seemed nothing left, in face of overwhelming odds, but to run up a white flag. To his great humiliation, General Stoneman found he had surrendered his magnificent cavalry and rich supply trains to a band of ragged men. As he saw his dearest ambition fade, when he thought of the men still starving at Andersonville, General Stoneman wept.

BUT Iverson had not a moment to lose. Sherman might be on his way to help. The surrender complete, he lit out after the fleeing Yankees and brought them back. Northern dead and wounded he left in charge of community folk at Sunshine Church and the Haskell house. Able prisoners, including Stoneman, were marched to Macon.

It was one of the most brilliant of Confederate victories. The hill on which the Federal general left his dreams is still called "Stoneman's Hill."

When the tumult and the shouting ceased, neighborhood children crept in to look. The scene they reported surpassed all previous tales of carnage. Word was sent to Betty Hunt that her sister-in-law's house was full of wounded men. Hastening to her, she found Ann moved to one downstairs room, going in and out of a window to avoid stepping on human bodies.

Among the severely injured was B. F. Morris of Pavonia, Ohio, felled by the first shot of the battle, now lying with a shattered arm in a pool of his own blood. Morris would have been killed by another shot, had it not been for the wallet over his heart, containing a picture of his sweetheart. Would he ever see her again? Lying there thinking, weeping, he carved his initials in a wall plank.

The next morning, along with the other badly injured, Morris was taken to the church, now become a hospital. To the more able, Ann Haskell turned over her home and nursed them as well as she could. Thomas Parry of Lucas, Ohio, and W. F. Gladden of Mansfield, Ohio, were to remember her all their lives.

To pass her church on the way home was almost more than Betty Hunt could endure. Out of the splintered windows came moaning and calling for help. Steeling herself to enter, Betty's heart was sickened at the sight. A soldier,

lying in blood-soaked blue, reached out and begged for water.

These were Betty's enemies, and now she saw them at last face to face. They had burned the homes of her friends, had riddled her sister-in-law's house with bullets, would kill her husband without a second thought. Now by strange fate they had been left helpless in this, her place of worship, in the church to which she had come as a bride; the splintered, jagged church that would never be the same. As far as the pulpit and choir rows, blue on blue they lay, calling for mercy from her hand . . .

They were in God's house, they were His children, and she was His servant.

Turning to the Negro driver, who stood white-eyed behind her, she said, "Go home. Tell Emma to get you some bedsheets and my medicine chest. Bring rags, cups and lots of water. Tell Joe to get buttermilk out of the spring-house and come to help me."

For two months the women of the congregation ministered to the Northern wounded in Sunshine Church, but



none, said B. F. Morris later, was as faithful as Betty Hunt.

Daughter of a physician, she knew something about dressing wounds. Her finest linens were torn into bandages; the resources of her big plantation were put at their disposal. Feeding them dainties, praying for them, writing letters to their loved ones back home, she restored them to health.

They called her an angel. Even when Jesse came home on furlough, he had nothing but praise for her conduct, and talked and walked with his enemies in utmost kindness.

In early September, word filtered into the community that Sherman had taken Atlanta. He would soon start his "March to the Sea," sparing nothing and no one in his way.

Huddling together one day, the prisoners at Sunshine Church composed the following letter to General Sherman:

"We the undersigned, members of General Stoneman's cavalry command, Army of the Ohio, USA, cannot permit the opportunity to pass, now that we are about to leave this place, and perhaps in all probability may not meet in this life again, of expressing our feeling of gratitude to Mrs. Jesse Hunt for her

many acts of kindness and sympathy during our stay in this hospital.

"Though she may have suffered from us, she has forgotten everything in the natural feelings of a generous and noble disposition, considering only how she could relieve our wants and alleviate our sufferings, visiting us frequently, soothing our sorrow by friendly words, and sending delicacies for the sick and wounded.

"May our Father in Heaven, who sees all things, and knows the inmost secrets of every heart, reward her bountifully. Though we may never have a chance of repaying her kindness, the recollections of having done a good action will be of some comfort to her.

"We go to return perhaps in a short time to our several homes, or it may be to linger in some forgotten prison camp, but wherever we are during the remaining portions of our lives, and in the respective family circles when peace shall once more be restored to our dear land, the name of Mrs. Jesse Hunt will be remembered with feelings of fond, respectful recollections.

"We earnestly request any of our troops that may hereafter pass through the country, to refrain from injuring her property in every respect."

At the end of September, before the prisoners were taken to Macon, they pressed the letter into Betty's hand. When they were gone, she went back to her plantation, hardly knowing how wearied she was from her long vigil. With her babies, she wanted to go home to Macon for a change of scene and rest.

There were two silver cake baskets in Mary's dining room cupboards that she dearly cherished. These had been wedding gifts. Her heirloom silver marked with the Carver "C," silver canisters, all the other accouterments of her table, she had buried in a secret place before she left. Then, leaving the plantation to trusted Negroes, she took the children and the letter and went to her old home about 25 miles away.

It was a fatal mistake. While she was gone, Sherman passed the plantation. No one was there to present the letter from his men. Ordering the furniture and bedding out of the house, he had them burned. Few pieces were left.

ALL the Negroes' little homes, the barns, sheds and the gin house with 40 bales of cotton, the fields—all were set ablaze. Some stock was taken for meat, the rest destroyed.

It was said that Sherman himself applied the torch to Sunshine Church where his men had suffered such humiliating defeat. But for some unknown reason, both the Hunt and Haskell houses were left standing unharmed amid their blackened acres.

When Betty returned, all that she

ever found was one muddy cake basket, pierced through with a sword; the silver canisters and six of the Carver spoons. These were all she had to show Jesse, when, after Appomattox, he returned to start life with her anew.

THERE WAS a sequel to this story. A quarter century went by, it was 1889 and not a word had passed between Betty and the prisoners of Sunshine Church, now safe in their homes. Not a single letter, card, message or greeting. Though they spoke of her often, they did not even know where to address the angel who had saved their lives.

The 25th reunion of Sherman's brigade would be held in July at Mansfield, Ohio. B. F. Morris got to thinking that the men would like to know if Betty were still alive, how she had fared since the war, what had happened when she presented their letter to the General.

Morris had long since married his sweetheart and was a prosperous citizen. Having taught himself to write with his left hand, he addressed a letter to Betty in care of the postmistress of Clinton, Ga., who promptly forwarded it to the Hunt plantation.

What excitement this letter brought to the Hunt home, especially to Hattie, Thomas and Annie Dell, born since the war! It was a thrilling new chapter in an oft-told tale.

Their father, as was proper for the head of the house, sat down and answered for his wife. They were in good health, he said, and had done well. Working the plantation the year round, they raised horses, cattle, sheep, swine, grain, syrup, cotton and nearly everything they used.

Then he made an astounding proposition. "Come down and visit us," he wrote, "and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

The Morrisses lost no time in accepting and spent three weeks at the plantation. Sunshine Church had been rebuilt. Morris stood in the pulpit and retold the battle story. He and his wife were guests at a barbecue at the Frank Haskell home, though the host's health was broken and Ann nearly blind.

Morris wrote later, "Seated there at the table on the exact spot where I had spent my first night as a prisoner, I looked at the initials in the wall plank, and then at my wife, and it was with great difficulty that I could control my emotions."

At the end of the vacation, Morris made Mr. Hunt an equally astounding offer. "Bring your wife to our brigade reunion," he said, "and deliver our main address."

Because she was recovering from an illness, Betty did not accompany her husband to the reunion. It was a great affair, with 1000 men and women at the banquet tables. Jesse Hunt was

seated at the head with the Hon. John Sherman, brother of the General.

As he rose to speak, Jesse picked up a piece of silver and looked at it. "Just wanted to see if it was mine," he said dryly. This brought down the house. For 30 minutes Jesse orated on the progress of the South. His listeners watered at the mouth when he told of the new hybrid peaches, of which he was the first commercial grower in Jones County.

Concluding his speech, he bowled his audience over by inviting them to come to Jones County and settle with their families, for land could be had, convenient to a railroad, at \$10 an acre.

"The war is over," he said. "Peace has blessed our land. You fought for what you thought was right, I did the same. You are the old North. I am the new South."

B. F. Morris went straight home and wrote to Betty: "I hasten to tell you that Mr. Hunt captured the whole brigade. We had to take him off the platform to shake hands with all of them. Only your presence was needed to make you the center of the crown of rejoicing."

When Jesse returned home, bringing the news that several families were coming to settle, his daughter Hattie, with sparkling blue eyes and full of life at 23, imagined meeting some of the sons of the men her mother saved.

Instead, one of the younger veterans himself came, a widower who wanted to start life anew. He was John Creigh, a music dealer of Mansfield, Ohio, whose family was later to become famous in "The Green Bay Tree," written by a relative, Louis Bromfield.

John Creigh looked at Hattie Hunt, and thought that of all the Georgia peaches she was the prettiest.

W. F. Gladden came to make his home in Jones County and went to see the aging Ann Haskell who had once been so kind to him. "She thanked the Lord every day of her life," he wrote later, "that he had lifted the curse of slavery from her land while she lived to see it, though it cost all she owned on earth."

B. F. Morris bought land and had it farmed out, since he was disabled. Other families came, and their descendants still live in Jones County.

The wedding ring that John Creigh, one of Sherman's men, slipped on the finger of Hattie Hunt, was a symbol of her mother's tender, forgiving love, that had come a full circle since the war.

Hattie and John settled in Jones County and went to raising peaches.

The Creighs were members of the old church, and now lie in its graveyard with Betty and Jesse, friend and former foe, side by side.

There are no angry coals at Sunshine Church. ■



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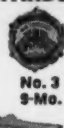
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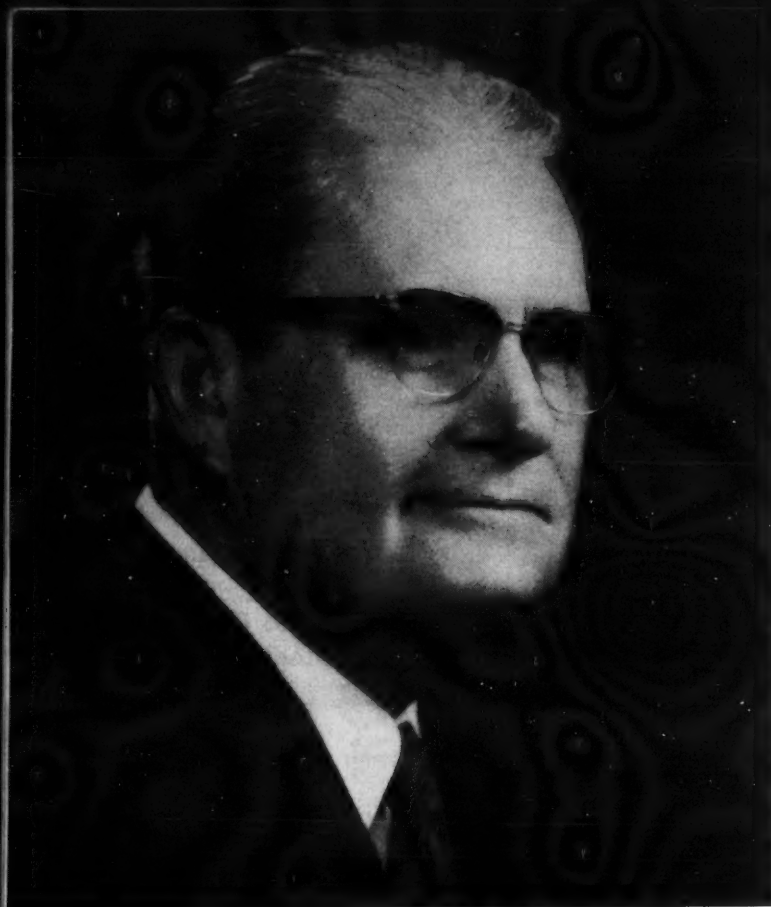
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WHY I AM FOR TITHING

By HERSCHEL H. HOBBS

Dr. Hobbs, a Southern Baptist minister, is a native of Alabama. Since 1949 he has been pastor of First Baptist Church, Oklahoma City, Okla. He is also pastor of the Baptist Hour, broadcast over 484 radio stations each week, and has written 12 books. Of his present church, Dr. Hobbs says: "Our per capita giving is \$184, based on our resident membership."



WHY I AM AGAINST TITHING

By HAROLD M. MALLET

Dr. Mallet, a Presbyterian minister, was born in St. Louis, Mo. He has served as pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Hutchinson, Kans., since 1952. Says Dr. Mallet: "To all causes our 1500 members gave about \$90 per capita, or for our 700 families about \$195 per family. Members also gave \$5,696 to our homes for the aged, in addition to donations to Christian work on college campuses, our church-owned colleges, etc., . . . even to the mission programs of denominations who claim high per capita giving but include what some of my members give them."

BOTH scripture and experience avow that the tithe is the basis of a successful program of Christian stewardship. Even a God of grace is first of all a God of law. This truth is evident in every realm of life. When men live by these laws they prosper. When they deny or ignore these laws they must pay a price. In stewardship this element of laws is "... the tithe ... holy unto the Lord" (Leviticus 27:30). We are no more justified to say that grace repealed this law than to say that it set aside the law "Thou shalt not kill" or any other of the basic laws of God's physical, moral or spiritual universe.

While the tithe is prominent in the Levitical law, it by no means is confined to it. The first Biblical mention of the tithe is in Genesis 14:20. Here Abraham paid tithes to Melchizedek. Since he was not expressly commanded to do so, apparently he was following an established custom. Evidence reveals that among the ancients even non-Biblical peoples practiced the tithe. Tiglath Pileser, like Abraham, tithed his spoils of war. Ahmosis, an Egyptian military leader, tithed his possessions to enlarge a temple. Hastings *Dictionary of the Bible* says that Indo-Germanic as well as Semitic peoples tithed. Doctor J. E. Dillard points out that while there were ancient peoples who did not practice animal sacrifice, there is none on record who did not tithe.

Such a widespread custom suggests a common origin. It would seem that somewhere in the beginning God ordained the tithe as a spiritual (Continued on page 58)

TITHING, no doubt meant for the good of Christendom and which I have supported for years, I have come to oppose. I am against the insistence of any group of Christians, or any church, that the strict paying of one-tenth of one's income is the basis for Christlike giving.

There are many abuses and inequities involved in the tithing practice, largely because of the effort to reconcile an ancient Levitical law with a modern Christian setting. On the one hand, the testimony of the Christian church is confused as it tries to reconcile law with grace; on the other hand, it supports the tendency to dodge true stewardship by smug givers who close their purses long before they have rendered a good account of themselves, simply because they can "prove" by the books (often in the same spirit of claiming deductions on income tax reports) that they have "tithed."

I admit that tithing strictly practiced would carry Christendom a long mile closer to sacrificial giving, and would make possible much more than is accomplished at the present. Tithing also is a "good round figure" to consider by those who are trying to practice generous stewardship. But the standard is wrong. And the motive is wrong.

Let it be remembered that the very first tithe was *not* a legality. It was a forthright expression of gratitude by the patriarch Jacob (Genesis 28:22). In spirit Jacob offered his tithe as a spontaneous, "hilarious" witness that God had prospered him greatly. But there is even a foretaste of what was to come in (Continued on page 63)

The Peace Corps

(Continued from page 11)

daughter of missionary parents, found scores of neglected babies in Iran, she demanded the right to care for 50 of them. Winning this unprecedented request, she and the women of the international community equipped a building and nursed every tot back to health. Next, she sought out foster parents. Last winter, she placed her 100th adoptee.

Remarkable people and remarkable works are common in the records of those who have blazed the way for the Peace Corps. The future holds the promise of many more achievements. On the other hand, threats of disaster abound. Already the sounds of controversy can be heard.

Citizens want to know—and should know—what they may expect the Peace Corps to accomplish. Three points will help them to an understanding.

First, the Peace Corps will augment, extend and build upon many of the jobs already done by American missionaries. It will not take over, nor could it; a multitude of jobs await every willing hand.

Second, the Peace Corps will undertake tasks beyond anything a church-backed group could legitimately undertake.

Third, the charge that the Peace Corps is the beginning of a government attempt to take over and supplant Christian missions seems to be unjustified. Despite the publicity bonanza the Corps has reaped, its size is tiny and will probably remain so, as government projects go. It expects to send only 500 or so persons overseas during 1961. Next year that number may be quadrupled. But contrast this with the 26,000 Protestant and 6,700 Catholic missions already in the field in behalf of American churches.

Modern needs, 1961 needs and onward, have motivated the Peace Corps. Newborn nations require many kinds of aid; they need to learn English, the language of international trade, as much as they need technical know-

how. Their leaders must multiply farm yields, move crops to market and initiate industrial development if they would raise the standard of living. Significantly, the first Peace Corps project will create new roads in Africa, an adjunct, not a threat, to "missions." The emerging republic of Tanganyika, where Stanley once said to a missionary, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," has asked for 20 or more geologists, surveyors and engineers. They will be chosen from the 300,000 applications already on hand.

This response has astonished everyone. This chance to serve one's country as a peace fighter taps an unsuspected pool of idealism. Young people are deeply concerned about tomorrow and seek the privilege of helping put things in order today. At Harvard, students are studying Swahili, the language of Africa's East Coast. When a Yale law class of '53 was asked, "Who will go to Africa to help set up town governments and courts," every hand shot skyward. At West Point, 300 cadets applied for a handful of openings in a work-camp project.

It is interesting to note how directly this Peace Corps of 1961 descends from the original American Protestant student group. In 1810, five young men from the campuses of Williams College and Andover Seminary embarked for mission service abroad under the sponsorship of the pioneering American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Many of the questions that were asked about those boys and their intentions are being asked all over again about Peace Corps trainees.

Are their characters formed? Is their purpose clear? Is their competence established? Will they be welcome?

Only time will tell for a certainty. What was a risk in 1810 remains a risk in 1961. But the past has taught many lessons and provided many blessings. Such agencies as Church World Service, Lutheran World Relief, the American Friends Service Committee, Catholic Relief Services, to name only a few, make a roster of distinction. Such endeavors as the Heifer Project of the Church of the Brethren and dental

clinics of the Lutheran World Brotherhood Exchange make a heroic roll of honor.

Look closely at them and their missions, and you come closer to comprehending the potential of the Peace Corps. A stirring sequence of events ties their achievements to the body just established by President Kennedy. And the remarkable performance of an almost unknown band of Christian venturers called International Voluntary Services affords an exemplary record of what can be.

The chain between raw idea and official department began with a remark in 1952 by John Foster Dulles. He said, "I hope to advance the cause of peace by enlisting the service of those private American agencies which have worked in the foreign field for more than 100 years."

A listener commented, "Only the churches have done that."

Secretary of State Dulles said, "I mean the churches."

The question was raised, "But how could the government do business with a religious body?"

Dulles laid down these conditions: "Form a non-denominational group. Agree that there shall be no propagandizing and no proselytizing."

That conversation planted the seed for the undertaking now called IVS whose 200 missionaries are scattered around the globe.

The second link was forged in 1957 when Henry S. Reuss, Congressman from Milwaukee, visited Southeast Asia. Inspecting the roads that our money had built, he saw farmers who were still ragged and children who were still emaciated. Roads were thus not the whole answer. At a village, he met four schoolteachers. Two were young Southerners, one was a Negro youth from Chicago, the fourth was a girl of Italian descent from Brooklyn. They were a United Nations team assigned to set up primary schools in Cambodian villages. Everywhere their classes overflowed. They begged Congressman Reuss, "Send us more teachers, give the farmers seeds, tools and somebody to show them what to do."

Reuss says, "For me, that is when the American youth corps was born."

When he discussed the idea with university students and members of Congress, both groups were enthusiastic. At his prodding, the 86th Congress appropriated \$10,000 to pay for a careful survey to determine the feasibility of dispatching able young Americans to the four winds. What manner of persons should go? What skills should they possess? Before the report was available, Candidate John F. Kennedy, Senator from Massachusetts, had made a significant speech.

He had heard of the cordial rela-

WHEN President Kennedy announced his Peace Corps proposal, the reaction was immediate and favorable all over the country. Now that the Peace Corps is a reality, its many projects in various parts of the world will require volunteers with varied technical skills and know-how. . . . The success of the program depends on the results of our efforts to recruit the type of person most suitable for this undertaking.

The older youth and the young adults associated with the nation's churches and religious organizations, particularly those trained or experienced in agriculture, engineering, public health, nursing, and construction, and those capable of teaching and working in government administration, have the backgrounds and the skills most needed and best suited for world service.

—BILL D. MOYERS, Associate Director, Peace Corps

tions between American students and the families they visited abroad under the Experiment in International Living, a program started by a former YMCA official. He had listened to the Reuss idea. At a one-night stand during his campaign, he ad-libbed a remark about setting up a corps of young people for overseas duty. Afterward, students sought him out. "If you're serious about a corps, we'll enlist," they promised.

Their reaction must have surprised Senator Kennedy. They would graduate soon and good jobs awaited them in industry. He told them, "What I have in mind would be rough work, and not much money."

"If we can do a job that's needed, that's okay," they said.

Senator Kennedy spoke a few nights later at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. After describing the poverty and unrest in Africa, Asia and South America, he said: "Think of the wonders skilled American personnel could work, building good will, building for peace. . . . I therefore propose that our inadequate efforts in this area be supplemented by a Peace Corps of talented young men [he added young women later] who are willing and able to serve their country . . . well-qualified by rigorous standards, well-trained in the languages, skills and customs they will need to know. This would be a volunteer corps from every race and walk of life."

On March 1, he established the Peace Corps by executive order and sent a message to Congress proposing legislation for its formal establishment. That message defined its function and its philosophy: "Our Peace Corps is not designed as an instrument of diplomacy or propaganda or ideological conflict. It is designed to permit our people to exercise more fully their responsibilities in the great common cause of world development."

That forged the chain's third link. Inevitably the Administration's search for precedents and standards led straight to the amazingly successful record of the bold and dedicated young men and women of International Voluntary Services.

When Dr. J. S. Noffsinger, IVS executive director, opened his files to researchers, they found a careful plan, a dedicated personnel and an incredible record of achievement.

How welcome would young Americans be in an alien country? Well, five years ago a cable came to the IVS office in Washington. They had sent three agricultural college graduates 250 miles up the Nile in Egypt to help 60,000 fellahin work crops on land owned by a Presbyterian college. To improve diet they brought in milk sheep from the isle of Samos and milk goats from Switzerland. They taught

peon-farmers to grow more on their tiny plots.

Suddenly, a U. S. order came to quit the country. French and English troops had parachuted into Suez and Israel had attacked the Arab Republic. So the first IVS hands-across-the-Nile project ended.

Or so it seemed. Within the month, however, a high official in Cairo cabled: "Please send your men back at once. They are known and loved from one end of the Nile to the other. If you have others of the same kind, we can use ten more."

Another question concerned the ability of young "spoiled" Americans to adjust to really rough conditions. Many answers were in IVS files:

"I live in a shack with my interpreter. On week ends we visit his parents at their farm. It's hard to believe that they have no furniture, not even a chair. At night they sleep on the dirt floor among their pigs and fowls which must be brought indoors to protect them from tigers. I can help these people only if I take tiny steps. Recently,

AMBIGUITY

He who hesitates, is lost.
Astute advice to keep,
Wise, unless you vacillate
And look before you leap.

—Barbara Yerbury Filan

I taught them to build a small table to keep their food out of the filth on the floor. It is nothing by Minnesota standards. Here, it is a giant step."

A sense of humor helps when the assignment is tough. A youth wrote, "The Viet Name language is unique in that it employs only words having one syllable. In consequence, each word can mean several things depending on the accent given to its vowel. 'Dau' is a word having three separate meanings: head, where, ache. So if I say, 'Dau dau dau,' I am saying, 'Where aches the head?'

"The word, 'yew' is trickier yet. If a swain says 'yew' to a girl, she knows he means, 'I love you.' But if his inflection slips one degree off center, he is saying, 'I'm sick of you.' My own worst moment came when I greeted the regional chief's wife. The word for distinguished lady is either 'ba' or 'bau,' which sound exactly alike to me. The first means, 'Good evening, Madame,' but the second—and I'm afraid to recall what I said—means 'Good evening, cow.'"

Knowledge of the native language is helpful but IVS men no longer spend time studying it before leaving the U.S. On the job, each man is as-

signed an interpreter his own age and of the same profession. They pick up working elements of the language quickly.

A few failures mar the almost perfect IVS record. Last year, one concerned a small, black bean. A missionary wrote: "The farmers have been growing a black bean for many years. My first impression was that it could be replaced by superior types. We began a rather ambitious evaluation program by planting over 200 bean strains from 36 countries. Not a single one did as well as that old black bean of the farmers. A stem-boring insect killed off all my prizes. The local bean seems not to interest them. It was a valuable lesson."

The IVS has worked mostly with crops. One report reads: "Several thousand cacao trees were distributed last year at this station, as well as 250,000 lacquer trees and 1,200 avocado seedlings. These are new crops here and will make the farmers in the highlands less dependent on tea and coffee for their income."

Another says: "Our purpose was to multiply seed for distribution to refugees who had fled from Communist North Viet Nam. One of our biggest successes was the multiplication of kenaf, a fiber crop that makes a burlap-type bag. Three years ago, Viet Nam was importing \$4 million worth of jute bags annually for their rice crop. Now, they are almost self-sufficient. This was done mostly by one U.S. technician."

Challenges abound, and when young men face them, they develop their mental muscles. A youth from Wisconsin noted that most of the families in his Southeast Asia district had dysentery. The cause, he learned, was pollution in village wells. Though no boring equipment was to be had, he resolved to put down new wells.

IT took a heap of Yankee ingenuity. He pulled the axle from a worn-out truck and turned it into a drill by welding a bit at one end and an eye on the other. With three tree trunks, he fashioned a towering tripod. Hanging his heavy drill under it, he took a long rope, looped it once about the metal spindle, and passed the ends to two crews of villagers. They pulled in turn, spinning the bit. They had bored through 90 feet of earth when they struck water.

The job was far from finished because the earth soon softened and clogged the well. Strong pipe was needed but none existed within thousands of miles. The farm boy from Wisconsin took sheets of corrugated iron—every spot in the world seems to have this commodity—and cut and shaped them into big tubes. Pushing section after section into the hole, he

held back the earth. But now a second vexation appeared; this sheet iron would rust and eventually collapse. Again, he turned to the corrugated iron supply and created a much smaller tube which he dropped down inside the first one. Next, he stirred up a soupy mix of concrete and poured it into the space between the outer and inner pipes, letting it set. At last, his well was complete, equipped with what amounted to a metal-lined concrete pipe. It would last for years.

At another village, two American youths met Cu, a crippled, 12-year-old lad who lived with a widowed, sickly father. Cu got around only by pushing himself on his knees which had open sores. The visitors wrote to their home churches, telling the story. Promptly, money came back to pay for bolts, nuts, angle irons and bicycle wheels. Soon, two heads bent over a strange contraption. When it was assembled, they rolled it to where Cu lived. One youth wrote his church these simple words:

"We had the pleasure of presenting this homemade wheel-chair, a gift from Americans, to overjoyed Cu and his grateful father. The experience helped us to understand the plea of Francis of Assisi, when he prayed, 'Lord, let me be an instrument of Thy peace.'"

In the Kurdistan mountains an American official heard perhaps the finest tribute of all. He had gone up into the shadow of the Iron Curtain to evaluate the work of an IVS youth who was working with an agricultural team. He and the chieftain of the mountain tribe sat together on a little rug under an awning and looked across the fields to where men worked. The

chief, an orthodox Moslem, pointed at them. "There's your young man. I never knew what a real Christian was until he came to us."

The official, aware of the ban on proselytizing, said, "But he's not supposed to talk about Christianity!"

"He doesn't. Not a word," the chieftain declared. "But he lives it day after day. He is my son, sir, and you are my brother."

A youth's first Christmas away from home is forever memorable. One boy told of his amazement at hearing, in a setting of palm trees and bamboo clumps, a chorus of voices singing Christmas carols. "They sang 'Joy to the World,' and 'Silent Night,'" he reported, "though nobody understood the words which were in the Rhade language. The carolers came from the Evangelical Mission Church down the road. After the serenade, we invited everybody in for snacks from our Christmas boxes from home."

The youth who wrote that report worked for an organization that cannot be called either "Christian" or "religious," as such, but all its members, in America and elsewhere, were raised in the Christian tradition.

The U. S. Peace Corps is evolving in the same way. Its members will come from our whole society. As doctors, teachers, agriculturists and engineers they will use their hands to prove their love for their fellows by loving with no strings attached.

Neither hardship nor frustration will deter them—any more than they have deterred the organizations that have paved the way for Peace Corpsmen. Some time ago, the Rev. James Robinson, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Harlem, organized Operation Cross-

roads-Africa. The schoolhouse built in Sago, Ghana, described earlier, was a "Crossroads-Africa" project. And so was a similar expedition into an area of Africa rarely visited by whites. Its objective was to build a small village hall.

African news media had failed to tell those villagers of the good things that America had achieved, but had emphasized our racial discrimination. So the student groups who were supposed to be close friends eyed each other nervously.

The work day began at 6 A.M. Each morning, the Americans pitched in, mixing mortar, building walls, toiling until the sweat poured from them. In a circle at a distance, the villagers and the African students watched, wondering why Americans, intellectuals at that, would come all the way to Africa to dig the earth and hack the jungle. Presently a few villagers offered to help. The chief sent his wives to labor in the sun. But the students sat on their hands.

A girl from California protested, "What goes with these kids? Why don't they help? It's *their* country!"

Their adviser said, "Work is against their tradition. Here, an intellectual never soils his hands. But give them time."

The walls rose slowly and the two groups stood apart during the workday. Afterward, in discussion groups, the Americans hardly dented the curtain of mistrust. "What's the cause of race prejudice in America?" the Africans asked. "Why be afraid of work if it's honest?" the Americans demanded in return.

At the end of the project, a young Californian said, "Let's face it. They don't like us."

"We've finished the building. Be satisfied," their counselor reminded.

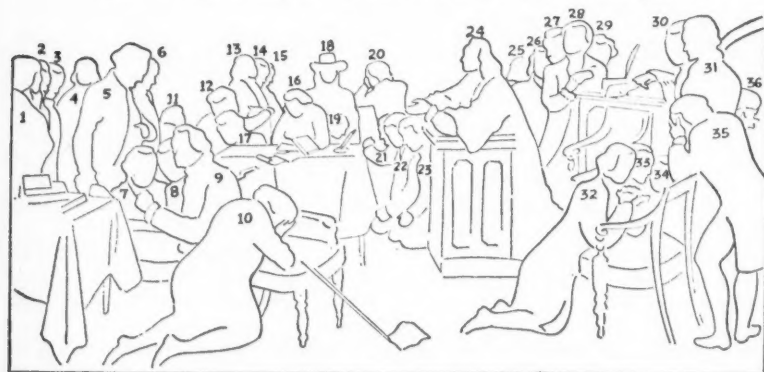
"We've tried to be friends and we've failed," a girl added.

On the last morning, the Americans said good-by and climbed into the bus that would take them to a seaport. Grateful villagers pressed gifts on them, tears in their eyes. The native students stood together at the road, whispering. Abruptly, their leader leaped onto the truck's hood, arm lifted. At his signal, every voice along that African street rang out. The words were strange beyond belief but the tune was unmistakable. They were singing:

"Oh, say, can you see,
By the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed,
In the twilight's last gleaming..."

That African farewell will never be forgotten by those young Americans, nor the lesson it taught of patience and of serving others, not only because they needed you, but because you needed them. ■

"The First Prayer in Congress" September 1774, Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia



- | | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1—Cesar Rodney, Del. | 10—Peyton Randolph, Va. | 19—John DeLart, N. J. | 28—Samuel Chase, M. D. |
| 2—Edward Rutledge, S. C. | 11—Col. N. Folsom, N. H. | 20—William Livingston, N. J. | 29—John Morton, Pa. |
| 3—T. Cushing, Mass. | 12—Robert Treat Paine, Mass. | 21—Thomas McKean, Del. | 30—Thomas Mifflin, Pa. |
| 4—Ephraim Dyer, Conn. | 13—George Read, Del. | 22—Roger Sherman, Conn. | 31—Charles Thompson, Va. |
| 5—Samuel Adams, Mass. | 14—Silas Dean, Conn. | 23—William Paca, M. D. | 32—Rich. Henry Lee, Va. |
| 6—John Adams, Mass. | 15—Richard Smith, N. J. | 24—Rev. Mr. Duche, Pa. | 33—John Jay, N. Y. |
| 7—Patrick Henry, Va. | 16—Philip Livingston, N. Y. | 25—Samuel Rhodes, Pa. | 34—Isaac Low, N. Y. |
| 8—John Rutledge, S. C. | 17—Thomas Lynch, S. C. | 26—Col. William Floyd, N. Y. | 35—Benjamin Harrison, Va. |
| 9—George Washington, Va. | 18—Stephen Hopkins, R. I. | 27—Stephen Crane, N. J. | 36—Samuel Ward, R. I. |

A key to the historical figures in the inset painting on the cover.

Home Plate

(Continued from page 30)

"Maybe you'll bawl me out for what I've done," he said, "but just before closing time I began to see red. So I phoned Crandall, told him a few plain truths and asked for an explanation!"

"W-what alibi did he make?"

"He said that Pete was the youngest on the team," Jim told her. "I told him that time would take care of the kid's age, and that he was a fine embryo ball player. I asked if he wanted to squash the kid's ambition, to break his heart, and"—he stopped. "What's the matter, Madge? You're turning green."

"My side's been hurting all day," Madge told him. "And just now I felt something snap. I feel *ghastly*!"

Jim Ferris was a big man and Madge was a small woman. He lifted her in his arms as quickly as if she were a baby.

"The car's outside," he said. "I'll take you to the hospital, to emergency. I'll call Doc Wilkins from there."

But Madge didn't answer, she'd fainted. So Jim called the doctor from emergency. Then he called Bill Tyson—his next-door neighbor—asking him to explain to Pete when he got home, keep him for the night if necessary.

"Madge has a ruptured appendix," he explained. "They're going to operate within the hour." And—after he'd dropped the receiver into its cradle—he started pacing up and down the corridor outside the waiting room and he forgot about a little boy in a uniform, which still had its original creases, and a thoughtless coach named Crandall. He forgot about everything except the woman he loved, who was having a hard time in the operating room.

When the operation was over, the doctor told Jim that his wife would come through with flying colors and to go home and get himself something to eat. So Jim drove slowly home. On the way he stopped in front of the Tysons' house and called Pete's name. One of the little boys came out on the porch.

"Pete didn't come back from the ball game," he said. "Daddy thought maybe you'd picked him up and taken him to the hospital with you, or something!"

He combed the neighborhood for an hour and then, at ten o'clock, he phoned the coach. When he came on the other end of the wire, and Jim gave his name, Mr. Crandall spoke with a new warmth.

"Well, I guess you were mighty proud of your son tonight," he said. "I put him in, like you said—might not have done it if you hadn't called, Mr. Ferris! He went in at the start of the fifth—the Peanuts and the Fryers were tied—but in the sixth Pete hit a home run that won the cup for Clinton."

Jim rasped, "That's beyond the point, Crandall—where is he *now*?"

"When I saw Pete last he was hanging around waiting for you. I thought you were going to pick him up!"

It was then that Jim called the police.

Four hours in the hospital, add an hour combing and three hours of boy-hunting through the surrounding territory. Intermittently Jim called the hospital and was told, by an impersonal voice, that his wife was doing very well indeed. Part of the time he rode in a squad car with a policeman, part of the time he paced the living room.

There was a lake in the neighborhood. Somebody said that perhaps they should drag it. . . . The starter at the bus stop had seen no boy in uniform. . . . There weren't any clues until, all at once, Jim remembered a stretch of woods a mile away. Pete was forever begging to camp there, but the woods had been known to harbor tramps—so his father had said a flat no. But now Jim Ferris went into the garage to get the huge flashlight that Madge had given him for his birthday. And somewhere in the shadows, from behind a litter of old furniture and snow tires and lawnmowers and rakes and hoes, he heard a slight sniffing sound. He went quietly toward the sound and flashed the light on.

Pete's uniform was no longer pristine. His face was smudged with dirt and tears. He peered up at his father and Jim thought, "He didn't run so far—only to the *home plate*!" He prayed that he'd say the right thing, and his prayer was answered.

"Hi, Pete," he said. "How's the cup-winner?"

"You weren't there," Pete said. "You thought I wouldn't get to bat! You were ashamed of me—"

"Ashamed nothing! How could you think a dopey thing like that?"

Pete had one note—only one pitiful note. "Then *Mom* was ashamed, and you stuck by her!"

"Don't be a creep," his father told him. "For a fellow who just hit a home run, you're all bugged up. When I came home I found your mother doubled over with an acute attack of appendicitis. I had to take her to the hospital, that's why we weren't in the stands! While you were making local history, your Mom was on the operating table!"

Pete was on his feet, clutching his father's sleeve—"Is she going to be all right?" he quavered. "Is she, Dad?"

"She'll be fine—as soon as her son tells her the big news. They won't let you see her, but they'll let you talk to her over the phone tomorrow."

"How early tomorrow?" asked Pete.

His dad grinned and mussed the boy's hair. "You want to know something, Pete? When a boy stops thinking about himself—and starts thinking about somebody else—he's no Peanut. He's in the Big League!" ■

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Spoon Bread, a Southern favorite, is served piping hot from the baking dish with a spoon (hence the name). It's a natural with fried chicken and black-eyed peas, but goes well with ham or roast beef and is especially delicious with gravy. Another student favorite is Carrot Cake.



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Southern



SPECIALTY OF THE HOUSE

SPOON BREAD

for 50

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Cornmeal | 9¾ cups |
| Water | 6 cups |
| Milk | 6 cups |
| Salt | ¾ tsp. |
| Baking Powder | 4 tbsp. + 1 tsp. |
| Eggs | 6 |
| Butter | 1½ cups |

Mix dry ingredients. Bring water to a boil and stir into meal. Scald milk and stir into meal mixture. Break eggs into the meal mixture and beat thoroughly. Set baking dishes in the oven with butter until butter is melted. Pour two-thirds of the butter into batter and mix thoroughly. Divide the remainder of the butter among the baking dishes used. Pour batter into dishes with remaining butter and bake in a 375° F oven for 30 minutes.

COOKING

CARROT CAKE

for 50

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| Shortening | 2½ cups |
| Sugar | 7½ cups |
| Eggs, Separated | 15 |
| Carrots (raw grated) | 2½ cups |
| Milk | 5 cups |
| Lemon Extract | ¼ cup |
| Baking Powder | ¾ tsp. |
| All Bran | 2½ cups |
| Flour | 10 cups |

Beat shortening and sugar until creamy. Add well beaten egg yolks, carrots, lemon extract, milk, flour, baking powder, and All Bran. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in 350° F oven for 35 to 40 minutes. When cool, spread with butter frosting.

THE SCHOOL BEHIND THE RECIPE

Bob Jones, "The World's Most Unusual University," sprawls over a 200-acre campus in Greenville, South Carolina. Known for its strong spiritual and evangelistic emphasis, reflecting the zeal of founder Bob Jones, Sr., the school is perhaps most unusual in its emphasis on the arts.

A beautiful new building houses the university collection of sacred art containing rare masterpieces of Flemish, Dutch, German, French, Italian and Spanish painters dating from the thirteenth century, with appropriate furniture and statuary. Operas are performed each year using college choirs and orchestras with top-rate professional soloists. Drama has an important place, particularly Shakespearean.



Dixon McKenzie Dining Common serves around 3000 students.

The school has its own film production unit, Unusual Films, which has made successful television films, promotional and instruction pictures, and award-winning, feature-length "Wine of Morning." A commercial radio station owned by the university is operated by graduates and students. It specializes in music, newscasts, religious programs, children's and women's features.

The school turns out a great many ministers and missionaries with about 1000 of Dr. Bob's "preacher boys" in training at a time. Typical of its interests, the university has a graduate school of Fine Arts and one of Religion.

Why I Am For Tithing

(Continued from page 51)

bond between God the Creator and man the steward. In varying forms its residue is found among the widely divergent religious practices of the ancients. As the tithe did not originate with the Levitical law, neither did it die with it.

The New Testament does not contradict this position. Indeed the New Testament doctrine of stewardship is enhanced when seen against the background of the tithe. To be sure in both the Old and New Testaments the tithe is never taught as the sum total of giving. The Old speaks of "offerings," the New speaks of "liberality"; but behind each is the tithe as the beginning point.

Did Jesus teach the tithe? Once He mentioned it, and that with commendation (Matt. 23:23; cf. Luke 18:12). He never condemned or abrogated the tithe, only man's perversion of the spiritual intent of it. This He did with respect to every Old Testament law (cf. Matt. 5:20) with which He dealt specifically.

Jesus' expressed purpose "to fulfill" (Matt. 5:17) the law did not abrogate it. Thayer's *Lexicon* lists this reference as meaning "to fulfill, i.e. to cause God's will (as made known in the law) to be obeyed as it should be." An examination of Matthew 5:20-48 is a commentary on this statement. Jesus went beyond the law to the spirit. He raised the standard, but He did not remove it. Always the basic law stood as the point of beginning. We may safely assume that had He dealt specifically with the tithe, He would have done the same.

This is not out of keeping with such references as law and grace (Rom. 10:3 ff.) and "the handwriting of ordinances" (Col. 2:14). The thought here is that law as a means of salvation gave way to the cross and its consequent grace. This is the burden of the Epistle to the Hebrews (cf. Chapter 9). There is no New Testament passage relative to giving which rules out the tithe as a basic minimum (cf. Matt. 10:8; I Cor. 16:2; II Cor. 8:1-2; 9:7). Indeed, the tithe enhances their meaning. "As God hath prospered" suggests a gauge of measurement. The only one mentioned in the Bible is the tithe.

Moreover, reason says that Jesus not only taught the tithe, but practiced it as well. Reared in a godly Jewish home, He knew the Old Testament which commanded it. His enemies criticized Him on every turn where He deviated from their teachings about the law. Yet not once did they censure Jesus for not tithing. Would they have overlooked such an opportunity had one existed?

The law of the tithe has persevered

in Christian history. The early Church Fathers taught it. While the union of church and state relegated the tithe to the status of a governmental tax, it emerged as a spiritual practice with the Reformation.

However, the rise of the modern missionary movement marked a renewed emphasis upon tithing. Tithing and missions have always gone hand in hand, strengthening one another. The New York Missionary Society (1796) was such a movement. In 1890 the Laymen's Movement swept the country with its major emphasis on tithing for support of missions.

During this period the Southern Baptist Convention placed a renewed emphasis upon tithing. In 1895 a committee report reads that "full relief need not be hoped for until our church members individually and voluntarily adopt the Scriptural systematic plan of paying God at least one-tenth of his [their] income."

It was not until World War I that the promotion of tithing reached campaign proportions. With tithing as the basis various promotional movements were inaugurated. The Disciples of Christ had the "Men and Millions Movement"; Presbyterians the "New Era Movement"; Southern Baptists, the "Seventy-five Million Campaign"; Methodists, the "Centenary Celebration" with its slogan "A Million Tithers in Methodism."

In 1921 the Southern Baptist Convention launched a campaign to enroll a half-million tithers. Promoted through the years, in 1955 they reported 1,013,973 tithers. Such programs have helped to raise giving to unprecedented heights among many American denominations.

THIS truth is evident as cited in specific cases. The Southern Baptist "Forward Program of Church Finance" is based upon the tithe as the minimum gift. Before being formally inaugurated, the churches of Jackson, Miss., and Phoenix, Ariz., two widely divergent areas, tried it as a "test run." It proved to be revolutionary; most churches realized tremendous increases in their giving programs.

In my own church, First Baptist of Oklahoma City, Okla., a similar plan has been used for twelve years. During that time the gifts have increased from \$190,000 (1949) to over \$600,000 annually (1960). At present this church has about 1200 tithers, many of whom give far beyond one-tenth of their income through the church.

The First Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, has the largest budget of any church in the world. Using a program based upon the tithe as a minimum, its annual budget has grown from about \$200,000 in 1944 to more than \$1,250,000, half going to missions, in 1961.

The Bible promises blessings to the tithers. "I will . . . pour you out a blessing" is applicable to groups but to individuals as well. Giving one-tenth for the sake of a blessing is not Scriptural tithing. God is not obligated to honor such. But tithing as an act of worship does result in blessings. I have never known a tither who "proved" God and found Him lacking. One such stated his philosophy thus: "I figure that God's shovel is bigger than mine. He can shovel it in faster than I can shovel it out." Reason says that God will trust those who prove themselves trustworthy.

God will make it possible for one to tithe. A couple, deciding to tithe, found that their obligations exceeded their income. The night before they were to give their first tithe, the man found that his pay envelope contained a salary increase which enabled them to tithe, meet their obligations and have 15 cents left over.

Tithers seldom stop with giving one-tenth. A tither said that his first tithe seemed like all the money in the world. "Now," said he, "I give far beyond the tithe. It is the greatest privilege of my life." I have never known a person to give a sizable sum of money solely for religious purposes who did not first practice the tithe as the basis of giving.

However, the greatest blessings of the tithers are not material but spiritual. "The tithe . . . is holy unto the Lord." The giving of the tithe is an act of worship. The tither enjoys the privilege of being in partnership with God in spiritual enterprises. He stands in good conscience before God. He is at peace within himself and with others. His prayer life is more powerful. His fellowship with God is more wholesome. His witness for God is more effective. Not every tither is a soul-winner, but few, if any, soul-winners are not tithers. The tither recognizes that his whole life is a trust from God.

It is ever true that the tithe is not a legal means of financing God's work. It is God's work of grace in developing His people. God instituted it, Abraham practiced it, Moses commanded it, Jesus commended it, and God's people have always found it to be the most effective means of sending God's message to the ends of the earth.

However, tithing is not the end but the beginning. A football team lines up on the 40-yard line for the kickoff. But ahead is the beckoning goal line. The tithe is the 40-yard line. The goal line is the full stewardship of life. But no 40-yard line, no goal line. No tithe, no fuller stewardship.

When the tithe is given according to God's plan it is not a legal obligation. It is a gracious privilege made possible because the tithers "first gave their own selves." ■

Moral Re-Armament

(Continued from page 25)

the insistent thought that what was needed was "a movement of God's living Spirit, the moral and spiritual rearmament of the nations."

The name arrested attention. In New York, Moral Re-Armament was launched at a historic meeting in Madison Square Garden; in Washington, by a national assemblage in Constitution Hall; in Los Angeles, by a mammoth meeting with 30,000 crowding into the Hollywood Bowl and 10,000 listening from outside, as four giant searchlights pierced the sky to symbolize MRA's four absolute moral standards: honesty, purity, unselfishness, love.

War came. Buchman clarified the issues: "Win the War. Secure the Peace. Build a New World." In the opinion of Senator Harry Truman and others, he strengthened morale in industry and in the Armed Forces with a far-reaching program: "Sound Homes. Teamwork in Industry. National Unity." In MRA terms, "Change, Unite, Fight." This was expressed and illustrated, with a foreword by General John J. Pershing, in the handbook, *"You Can Defend America,"* of which over two million copies were distributed. It was dramatized in a revue of the same name, the first of MRA's dramatic presentations.

As a suitable base at which to consolidate and develop the response labor and management were making, Mrs. Henry Ford suggested Mackinac Island, Michigan. Here Dr. Buchman was able to train a force of men and women for the ideological war he foresaw would continue after hostilities ended. Since the war land has been given and buildings erected at Mackinac suitable for delegations, official and unofficial, which have been attended from nations on every continent. During the last two years 8000 delegates have come from 77 countries. Many have come to Mackinac not knowing any more about Moral Re-Armament than I did when I went to Oxford. They may have read books (as I, too, had done), attended films or plays, seen advertisements in newspapers or talked to someone fully convinced. At sessions of the assembly at Mackinac, delegates learn more.

Madame Irene Laure, for instance, had once been the leader of two million Socialist women and was credited by Dr. Adenauer and Robert Schuman with having done more than any other individual to establish the post-war friendship that has sprung up between Germany and France. After seeing her son tortured by the Gestapo, this Frenchwoman had gone to Caux, Switzerland, European headquarters of MRA, and there had met Germans.

This was almost too much for her. But she had faced it, shed her bitterness and then went to one German city after another and asked forgiveness for it.

A one-time Communist leader from the London docks told his story. One strike alone had cost Britain around \$600 million—the total amount of American aid for one year. Since the change in Tom Keep and his friends, there had not been a single major stoppage on the docks.

Many spoke: a Mau Mau from Kenya, a business executive from Detroit, a Hollywood star, a schoolteacher from Maine, a union leader from Pittsburgh—convinced personalities relating facts, expressing convictions or planning strategy and showing how Moral Re-Armament means getting the directing force of God and absolute moral standards back into daily living and into the policies of nations.

In 1957 leaders of the Japanese Youth Federation of 4,300,000 were invited to Moscow. Thanks to the initiative of Dr. Buchman and the generosity of certain Americans, a party of 100 left Tokyo—not for Moscow but for Mackinac. They were tough and anti-American. There came a point when they saw the connection between the way they had been living and the confusion and division in their country. They cleaned up their lives.

Plays and films have been powerful weapons in taking the ideology of

Moral Re-Armament to the world. The effort to reach the millions by films has now been greatly accelerated by the building of a T.V.-film production studio on Mackinac Island.

The ever-expanding work of MRA is a tremendous financial task which, up to the present, is being shouldered by individuals. But the cost is infinitesimal compared with the wealth of America and fantastically little compared with what it achieves. No one in Moral Re-Armament is paid any salary. Gifts come out of sacrifice, often in very small sums.

How does MRA operate? One cannot generalize, only particularize.

One day last summer the Rev. Julian Thornton-Duesbery, Master of St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, was shaken to see that Mr. Khrushchev had said that he expected to see the Red flag flying over the whole planet in his lifetime. Thornton-Duesbery decided to go to Caux.

After hearing there news of the spirit that had brought a peaceful settlement to Cyprus, unity and the defeat of Communism to Kerala, South India, and after seeing plays and films, Duesbery concluded that behind it all lay the central experience which is Moral Re-Armament, the experience of change at the Cross of Christ, the experience of putting off the old man and putting on the new.

What is MRA? Dr. Bernardus Kaelin, Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order

Sunday School Teacher

This Worked

Getting Parents Interested

Our evening youth meetings were falling apart because parents did not back them. Many planned other activities, making no effort to get home in time. Programs fell flat because assigned leaders were not there.

Then we put on a parent-youth potluck supper. This was widely advertised by posters at church and in store windows, individual letters, and calls by a committee of active young people and interested parents. After supper the youth president spoke briefly on what the group hoped to accomplish; then a panel of young people and parents (the pastor was moderator) discussed "Christian Responsibilities of Youth and Parents."

Piercing the "Blue Denim Curtain"

Keeping teenagers interested is a peculiarly knotty problem, especially when "you have 45 minutes a week to get them ready for eternity." The teacher quoted knows whereof he speaks. Through two decades, his class (new every year) often scored the highest attendance in its department.

The key, he discovered, was his own interest in each boy and girl. This can-

not be faked; young people quickly see through anything phony. But gimmicks that reflect genuine interest can work wonders. Here are a few Mr. H. used to show his charges that each one of them was important to him—not only as a soul to be saved, but also as a plain boy or girl, with everyday interests and problems, both human and unique.

- **Names:** Everyone appreciates your remembering his name—if you get it right! Mr. H. learned his new pupils' names and always used them.

- **Personal Attention:** He wrote every pupil every week! On postcards or in letters (always handwritten), he sent messages ranging from "I missed you last Sunday and here's an outline of next week's plans . . ." to congratulations on outside achievements, comments on hobbies, etc. He called on every pupil early, to get to know his background and family.

- **Individual Training:** Every class period included a 20-minute discussion led by two student volunteers. Students were also trained to lead prayers, with or without advance notice.

- **Follow-up:** For years he followed former pupils' progress. During the war, he wrote 75 or more in the armed services, four times a year. And each year at Christmas, every one of his "alumni" got a card!

from 1947 to 1959, puts it this way: "It is not a religion, nor a substitute for religion. It is four mighty pillars upon which human living must be based. Every man must accept these ideas if he is honest with himself. The ideology of Moral Re-Armament can win all men because its standards are universally valid."

The Hindu, Muslim, the Buddhist, as well as the Protestant, the Catholic and the Jew, find they can unite on this basis of a moral theology.

NOT everyone can go to Caux or Mackinac, but men and women in every walk of life have discovered that what works in Mackinac and Caux can work anywhere. Moral Re-Armament is a mighty positive. It believes that any idea which excludes anyone is too small for this age. It believes that Communism is a superficial revolution, for it shapes the conduct but does not change the nature of men.

MRA recognizes that certain ruthless men who have rejected God and fallen into the inevitable moral consequences are determined to control the world. Their effort to banish God from the mind of man is not an idle threat or a matter of policy. It is inherent in the motive to control, to put man in God's place in the lives of other men. Until such men can be stayed in their course and offered a superior ideology, there is no hope of bringing the world back to a point from which God can lead mankind into its next phase of unimaginable creativity.

Meanwhile, MRA continues to prod the people of the world to action—through its conferences, through its dramatic performances, and through printed material and newspaper advertisements. An American long associated with MRA was last year motivated by Dr. Buchman's message to the American people—"The Hour Is Late." He and his friends took two days and two nights to express their convictions and published them as a full-page ad in the *New York Times* and 130 other newspapers across the nation. Telephone calls and an avalanche of letters showed how ready the ordinary individual was to spring to action.

Every letter received a reply. An attempt was made in each instance to consider the questioner as much as the question.

Sometimes the writer was told something like this: "MRA starts with a moral cleanup—absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love. The key is to listen to God for direction. When man listens, God speaks. When man obeys, God acts. When men change, nations change. That is the source of the strategy which has made MRA a force to save nations." ■

Christ, Communism . . .

(Continued from page 25)

have one world, and it is in revolution. The paradox of *unity* and *revolution*, moreover, underscores the terror of the truth with which we must deal. Under such conditions the words of Christ are manifestly characterized by a confidence that requires all the mental and spiritual courage we can summon.

For atheistic Communism constantly challenges us wherever we live. Daily it dares us to give our devotion to Marx and Lenin, and to their program as it is being adjusted to the Soviet state.

Disturbed by the present power of Communism, we find it difficult to understand how this philosophy of politics has grown so rapidly after such an insignificant beginning. From the day in 1917 when V.I. Lenin, with a comparatively small group, seized the government of Russia for Communism, this strange political power has continued to gain force with unbelievable rapidity.

In order to feel, as well as understand, the painful and inescapable facts which concern us, we have to keep recalling that Communism has one-fourth of the land surface of the world, and that one person out of every three is caught in this strange religion.

Thus while at the moment we who are Christians may claim approximately a third of the world's population, it is now apparent that by A.D. 2000 we may constitute a much smaller per cent of the world's population. For although our churches may grow in the four remaining decades of this century, the *relative* number of members may steadily diminish.

Stabbed awake by the fact that, while less than 50 years ago there were only some 44,000 Communists in the world, those controlled by this philosophy now number more than all professing Christians, we anxiously ask: What is the secret of their power?

First, they have a *philosophy*, which is also a clear-cut purpose. In this both divine revelation and supernatural relationships are dismissed as unreasonable—even harmful.

Although many churchmen are disturbed because of this rejection of God, all too often we do not realize that precisely this is the explanation of the lack of ethics among Communists. Because there is no Absolute, there can be no moral standards that are vital and relevant to all society.

But these dedicated millions also have a *program*. And with this as a pattern of procedure, they are working day and night. The observant traveler in Russia is constantly compelled to face this. At the Stalin Mill at Tashkent are slogans painted in large letters, bearing such sentiments as: We'll do our best to

fulfill the one year plan. The quality of our goods must be better. Let us compete with one another. Long live the active Soviet women.

As simple and as naive as these posters may seem to many sophisticated individuals in the Western world, they have real meaning for millions of people. They suggest practical procedures which promise success.

That is why those dedicated to Communism also have a *passion*. Their purpose, driven by ardent devotion, gives them strength. Many banners with big red letters emphasize this. In an industrial plant we noted these: By the way of Leninism we move toward Communism. Long live the great banner of Marx and Lenin! Long live Communism!

All these mottoes become more meaningful when we consider the appeal to idealism in this strange mixture of materialism and atheism. For instance, in the Pioneer Camps—for those between 7 and 15—we pondered these slogans: Not for war do we grow. We are for peace and friendship.

All these same ideals constantly grip the thinking of the 21,000 students dedicated to science at the 33-story Moscow University. Abandoning all spiritual interpretation of the universe, they are certain they can master the world by means of science.

Against the backdrop of these contemporary conditions, the challenge of Christ comes with new force. For it is He who offers us an explanation for life, at the same time He reveals the possibility of a new life. In the Sermon on the Mount He tells us what is involved in our choice. So, too, St. Paul vividly describes His spirit in the most magnificent prose poem ever written—I Corinthians 13.

Certainly this requires courage. But then Christians across the centuries have had the power to capture the imagination of men. Like Augustine they have exclaimed: "Thou hast touched me and I am on fire for Thy peace." Like their Master they have appealed to the potential daring of all who were willing to follow Christ's way of life. They have believed it is the purpose of God to give us "the Kingdom"—and they have acted on this faith.

This, of course, means much more than acquiescing mentally to what Jesus says. *It is giving ourselves to what He is.* This, moreover, is no longer optional if we have any real justification for hoping that the world will turn to Christ.

Vitally relevant to all this, as well as deeply disturbing, is the changing attitude of millions in the Far East toward the message of our religious ambassadors. At the beginning of our missionary enterprise in India, for example, people insisted that Christianity was

not true. Later they declared that Christianity may be true, but it is not new. More recently many have pained us by pointing out that Christianity is not you. That is, we who claim to be Christians do not represent it.

As we think of the millions who have never had an opportunity to develop and exercise their talents socially and politically, millions who are not admitted to "white only" society and millions who need the necessities of life, we are immediately aware of why unnumbered hosts feel so strongly with regard to our failures.

This becomes even more painful when we realize that our present international crisis is, to a marked degree, the result of Christians' having created the mood in which millions in formerly benighted countries are now seeking freedom and justice. The message of Christ has been received, and correctly interpreted, in such practical ways that many natives now refuse to accept the paternalistic attitude of those religious ambassadors who have brought them the Gospel of the New Testament.

Whatever may be our answer, or our immediate reaction to these facts, it is increasingly clear that we will be able to keep our religion only as we make it real for all people everywhere. To understand this is the beginning of a daring faith in the God whose purposes will not fail. This involves the necessity of our demonstrating daily the genuineness of our profession in all our social relationships, in industry and in all areas affected by race, in America, in Asia, in Africa—in all the world. Otherwise ours is not the universal religion with the ultimate truth. . . . And the clock keeps ticking away!

Aware of at least some of these implications, the leaders of Soviet Communism daily demand complete dedication to their cause. They constantly challenge their people to make sacrifices for their way of life. They insist that Communists must possess "the greatest courage and revolutionary determination of mankind." Facing the numerous difficulties confronting them, they are not daunted for their consecration gives them confidence for victory.

To say that we who profess Christianity must match this is to put the matter too mildly. There is always that searching question of Jesus: "What do ye more than others?" (St. Matthew 5:47). There are those who have correctly insisted that Christianity is not in the talk but in the walk, not in the lip but in the life. Above all, Christ says we are to live as one family as we pray with words, attitude and sincere devotion, "Our Father." When we do this, we will know it is the Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom. ■

JULY 1961



THE LESSON BACKGROUND

By Amos John Traver

• July 2

Mary: Consecrated Motherhood

LUKE 1:26-31; 2:41-49; JOHN 19:25-27;
LUKE 1:46-48

For this quarter New Testament personalities will be the basis of study. Biography is often stranger and more interesting than fiction. When the glorious truths of the Gospel are enshrined in human personality, they become concrete and very practical. This lesson has a message for every mother who honestly desires to know what Christian motherhood means.

The Virgin Mary has not been given the place she deserves in Protestant thinking. Strange it is that we have permitted so many good things to belong to the Roman Church because of their distortion and misuse. Even the cross on church towers and altars has often been labeled "Catholic." Certainly the Roman Church has done terrible disservice to the memory of Mary. Since the fifth century it has generally taught that Mary did not die as man dies but was "taken up body and soul into the glory of heaven" from a spot near the Garden of Gethsemane now enshrined in the Dormition Chapel. The Roman Church also affirms that Mary was born without sin. These two doctrines are called "The Assumption of Mary" and "The Immaculate Conception."

The Gospels give us a beautiful picture of the mother of Jesus, beginning with the annunciation and ending with her place among the disciples at Pentecost. We need no papal decrees or

legends to add glory to her memory. That she was chosen to be the mother of Jesus implies that she was worthy, but not that she was perfect. She mothered Jesus with wisdom and love. That she did not always understand Him is clear from the record. No doubt she shared the traditional concept of the Messiah as King of the Jews and restorer of the nation's glory. Yet she was loyal even when she did not understand and was at the foot of the cross when He died.

Mary was not sinless. She, too, needed redemption through Christ, as all sinners do. Prayers to Mary for her intercession with God imply that His ear is not open to direct approach for all who believe. We need no intercession of the saints. Mariolatry has no support in the Gospels.

• July 9

Andrew: Bringing Men to Jesus

JOHN 1:35-42; MATTHEW 4:18-20;
JOHN 6:8, 9; MARK 1:17

"Andrew, Simon Peter's brother," that is the way this humble apostle is introduced in the Gospels. It is not easy to be known only as somebody's brother. We like to be identified in our own right. Many a college student has suffered because his older brother had been a star athlete or the popular president of the student body. Yet Andrew was first to believe in Jesus. A disciple of John the Baptist, he accepted John's testimony and followed "The Lamb of God." He brought his brother with him

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and, if he cared to boast, could claim a share in the glorious ministry of Peter. Peter could preach sermons that won thousands to Christ, but Andrew had won the preacher. Andrew is an inspiration to the host of quiet, humble Christians who have been used by the Holy Spirit to "say a word for Jesus" effectively.

Andrew has become the symbol for personal evangelism. He always seemed to be bringing someone to Christ. At the feeding of the multitude, Andrew brought to Jesus the boy with his lunch basket of bread and fish. Perhaps Andrew did not anticipate the result, but he did bring him. No true evangelist will ever discount boys. All honor to the men who take time from their busy lives to cultivate friendship with boys!

Andrew also brought some Greeks to Jesus. What an encouragement it must have been to our Lord. The leaders of His own nation had turned against Him. Andrew is a Greek name, though commonly used by the Jews. Perhaps the rest of the disciples saw no point in bringing these Gentiles to Jesus. Andrew was concerned neither with age nor race when there was prospect of a convert to Christ. When he "left all to follow Jesus" it meant full consecration to the purpose of Christ "that all men should be saved."

Early tradition says that Andrew was crucified in Achaia. A cross shaped like X is called "the Cross of St. Andrew." November 30th is St. Andrew's Day in the church year. It is supposed that he evangelized in Greece and Scythia, Russian territory. Whatever his life-work, the Gospels tell us enough to show a simple, humble, persistent "seeker after souls" for Christ.

• July 16

Matthew: Salvation for the Outcast

MATTHEW 9:9-13; 10:1-4; LUKE 5:28

"Matthew the tax collector"—only the writer of the first Gospel included this descriptive term after his own name. We may be sure that it was not due to pride in his former occupation. Rather, Matthew wanted to testify to the degrading depth from which Jesus had called him. He wrote his Gospel with special purpose to appeal to the Jews. Tax collectors were considered by the Jews the lowest of the low. If such an outcast could be called to an apostleship, there was hope for all.

Tax collector was translated *publican* in the Authorized Version. It is interesting to note that centuries later saloon-keepers were called publicans, a good index of their reputation. There were two counts against tax collectors, ac-

cording to the Jews. They were working for the Romans, hated masters of Palestine, so they were traitors. They were also notoriously unjust. Usually tax collecting was "farmed out," the collector held responsible for a stated sum and permitted to keep all he could collect above that sum. Only greed would lead a Jew to become a publican, so the usual run of collectors were crooked and cruel.

Converted, Matthew had talents to consecrate, abilities necessary to his trade. He could write; he knew and understood his fellow countrymen; he had many friends in his own class. Since he was ostracized by his people he had time to study their history. No doubt he was patriotic but eased his conscience by saying, "If I don't collect taxes, someone else will. I might as well make the profits." All that Matthew was that day when Jesus called him from his collector's booth held potential for consecrated service. His Gospel alone would justify his call. He could introduce his friends to Jesus. Through Matthew, Jesus would be known as "Friend of publicans and sinners."

Levi is the name used for Matthew in Mark and Luke. This may have been his original name. Converts in mission lands often take a new name. Matthew means "gift of God." This disciple not only received the gift of God's forgiving grace but became a true "gift of God" to his own people and to Christians of all time.

• July 23

Mary and Martha: Friends of Jesus

LUKE 10:38-42; JOHN 11:1-5; 12:1-3; 11:27

Bethany, a suburb of Jerusalem and the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, was Jesus' usual stopping place on His trips to Judea. It was His "home away from home." How much it must have meant to Jesus to leave the noisy confusion and ill-concealed enmity of the city for rest in this home. Would our homes qualify for a "home away from home" for Jesus? The magazines and books on the table, the conversation at dinner, the relationship between the members of the family—would they stand the test of the realized Presence?

On at least one visit Jesus healed a rift between the sisters. Martha's complaint was that Mary just sat and enjoyed the visitor and did nothing to help prepare a meal. Jesus solved the problem by suggesting that there is place in His kingdom for both types, Marthas—activists, always at work, always serving—and Marys—contemplative, devotionally minded, quiet and gentle. People are different, even in the

same family. In the family of Christ there is place for all.

This home seems to have been one of wealth. But death is no respecter of persons. The death of Lazarus offered opportunity for a great miracle of grace. Jesus did not come as a stranger sent for in sudden emergency. He had been the happy guest of this home many times. The sisters knew and loved Him. So He came quite normally in the hour of great need. Appeals for help from our Lord come more appropriately from homes where He has been a daily welcomed guest.

• July 30

Thomas: Through Doubt to Faith

JOHN 11:7, 8, 16; 14:3-6; 20:24-29

Doubting Thomas! As Charles Brown once said, "You would almost think Doubting was his first name." The title Mr. Brown gave to the chapter on Thomas in his book *These Twelve* was "Thomas: The Man of Moods." Thomas was a realist, a questioner, not one who cuddled his doubts. He wanted desperately to know, to understand. From the time he left all to follow Jesus his devotion to his Lord never was in question.

In John 14, when Jesus spoke of going to prepare rooms for His disciples in the Father's house, Thomas cried out "Lord, we do not know where You are going; how can we know the way?" With the rest of the disciples he must have been puzzled at the answer, "I am the way, the truth and the life." In John 11, when Jesus proposes to go back to the neighborhood of Jerusalem at the call of Martha and Mary, Thomas, above all the disciples, seemed to understand the terrible danger. Jesus had left Jerusalem because of the hatred of the Jewish leaders. But Thomas rallied his companions with the cry, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him." The bravest are those who recognize danger, yet do not run away.

Rightly, Jesus chided Thomas for his doubts of the resurrection, but He gave him the evidence his inquiring mind needed. Thomas did not go off and mope with his doubts, he still met with the disciples. He wanted to believe. So long as this desire persisted there was hope. John is the only Gospel which gives Thomas more than a name. After his confession, "My Lord and My God," his future life is recorded only in legend. The most persistent is that he founded Christianity in India and there died a martyr's death. So it might have been. Wherever he lived and died, his faith in his resurrected Lord was his guiding star.

Why I Am Against Tithing

(Continued from page 51)

Jacob's "bargain" with God, that if God would do this, that and more, Jacob would "surely give the tenth." Many modern Jacobs have declared (some call it faith) that because they "tithed," God will prosper them. But it doesn't always happen that way! And it is wicked, it seems to me, for ministers and others even to imply that God prospers materially the one who tithes. The words of Jesus do not support the idea (Matthew 5:45).

THE tithe has been rather "standard" for legalists and Christian moralists for years. For most average families or persons, the tithe represents neither too little nor too much to give. Great churches have been built and operated; missionaries have been sent out; magnificent programs have been made possible because of it. All this has come about because many Christians have felt and taught that tithing is still legally binding upon the Christian.

Their reason? "Christ came to fulfill the law!" Upon this thin promise does the Christian compunction to tithe rest. But Christ came with grace and love and removed the stigmas of legalism. The Christian acts out of a God-given grace. Gratitude and love motivate him. Yet the tithe is held up by many as a law, to be observed as such.

The "fulfilling" of the law can never be interpreted as making the entire Levitical law become the norm for conduct. "Fulfilling" has the tone of "redeeming," baptizing the law with grace, until righteousness becomes not a practice of following the letter but of expressing the spirit. If "fulfilling" the law seems to indicate that Christ supported tithing to the letter, then why not many of the other laws of the Hebrews?

But if tithing is good, why not support it? Why condemn something that "gets the job done"? The answer lies in the misplaced motives and emphases that surround the practice of tithing. Let us look at them:

For many, the tithe is too much. Admitted that even the person of modest circumstances can manage the one-tenth, there are some for whom the tithe would represent some impossible situations.

Take for example a family I know. There are five small children and the father is a laborer, making perhaps \$4,500 yearly. There has been some illness. Hardly a month has gone by in the year past when one of the family is not in the hospital. Food prices have soared. This family skimps and serves the cheapest meals. Yet the money just does not reach. For them to tithe would

mean that the already inadequate income would be given an intolerable burden. They certainly could give *something* to the work of Christ. But the *tithe*? Four hundred fifty dollars?

I think also of an elderly lady who has been chronically ill for years. A stroke has left her paralyzed on one side. She needs constant care. She has engaged a woman to take care of her rather than stay in the hospital, and the small nest egg she has been living on is depleting rapidly. Social security does not provide an ample enough income for her keep. Tithe? She could, but it would speed the day that she would have to go to the county home.

Here one must admit that to say the tithe is for many too much to give provides an escape hatch for the unwilling. There are already too many who excuse themselves from liberal giving by saying they must watch out for old age, must take care of their money, etc. Pocketbook protecting will always be with us. But none is excused from doing something and no man is "safe" in his stewardship until he and God together have decided his part.

This leads to the second weakness in the insistence upon the tithe. For many, the tithe is too little. There are a few stories of wealthy people who have decided that they would keep

tian people would bring in far more than the tithe. If love is our motive, love does not measure out in a bushel and stop. Love is generous and gives joyfully. The second mile is a privilege.

Giving by the more able on this basis takes up the slack in the giving of the unable, and this is Christian. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ," far outweighs "give the tithe, and so fulfill the law of the Levites." The strong help lift the load of the weak. "Unto whom much is given shall much be required," not legally, but morally and ethically!

The third objection to the legal tithe is that it so often becomes an object of ostentation. One cannot escape the impression that many "tithers" are trying harder to satisfy their fellow man and themselves, than to satisfy Divine justice. Sometimes the tither seems to want some kind of badge or star for being rated, according to his standards, as one "who loves the Lord." It rather cancels the Christian ideals of "laying up treasures in heaven" and giving joyfully. Too many rejoice when their total sharing amounts to the approximate tenth that no more should be "required."

Particularly this rationalization takes place when men begin to ask, "What is my tithe?" And they have a right to ask! In the theocratic society of the Old Testament, taxes took none of the toll suffered by modern purses. Extra charities were not prominent if they existed at all. The economy was vastly different from modern times, since the faith was of the politico-social order.

So the one seeking to justify himself asks if the tithe is computed *before* or *after* income tax (and he usually hopes that you will tell him *after*!) He also hopes that his giving to the Heart Fund, the Community Chest, Boys' Town and the Tail Twister Fund at Lions' Club could be considered also a part of the tenth.

In all giving the conscience is deeply involved. But the conscience needs to be taken to Christ to see if it is behaving decently. By rationalizing, one may short circuit the lines that tell right from wrong.

MOREOVER, giving in this sense appears to be an affront to God. Worship signifies the desire of the whole person to glorify the name of God. (See Isaiah 6 again.) The vision of God should call forth deeper resolves and more sacrificial sharing. We miss the spiritual point in the offering if we calculate and rationalize with the end in mind that we don't need to give so much. True love is not interested in the cost. The Kingdom Pearl must be desired above all else. Stewardship begins here or it does not begin.

(Continued on next page)

PRAYING HANDS

First reach above
To catch the hands of One
Who times the planets
—Paints the crystal dawn.

Then reach below
To share the human load;
For hands in prayer
Become the hands of God.

—Clive McGuire

their tithes and give all the rest to the Lord! The widow in the Temple did even better than that, giving *all* that she had, and this drew the praise of Jesus rather than the wealthy giving perhaps their tithe.

Christians must seriously undergird the Kingdom's enterprises. They cannot hide behind the assertion that they have tithed and therefore are excused from doing more. The way of grace is to go the second mile.

I have Chinese friends who have occasionally presented my family with gifts. There are always *two* gifts. Once a picture *and* a box of jasmine tea. Again, a bouquet of flowers *and* almond cookies. When we asked him about it Mr. Chinn replied: "It is a Chinese custom. The second gift tells you that the first was really nothing." Such grace! Giving like this by able Chris-

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The answer, therefore, lies in conscientious, proportionate sharing. "The fellowship of the concerned" embraces those whose giving is realistic, devotional, consecrated. The emphasis is not so much upon what *I* shall give, but "What is needed?" and, how large a portion of this need can I possibly help meet?

A case in point lies in the planning of many parents for the education of their children. College tuitions and extra expenses run high. For specialized courses the rates soar accordingly. A parent may begin by considering an ordinary liberal arts course and feel that he has just enough to make it. But the collegiate in the home wishes to study for medicine. So the family takes another look, makes adjustments and cutbacks until, finally, a medical education has been found possible. No mention of percentages here! It is the need, the desire, the plan, the provision.

Negatively speaking, it is intriguing how the above technique is so often used with other less worthy interests. I know a man who holds a position on a church board who at times has offered the personal information that he cannot keep up his meager pledge to the church, yet who has in the past five years found room in his budget (and has fully paid for) the cigarette and beer habits. Here, admittedly, there was less thought and planning required than for the college education, but somewhere there was at least the rational idea that *these* habits could be afforded and financed.

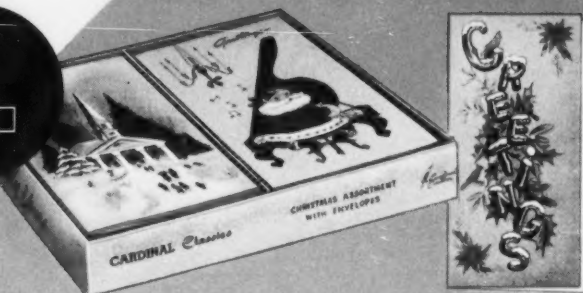
A word which appears more frequently in Christian literature of recent months is the word *involvement*. It is opposite from *isolation*. Any attempt of the Christian to turn his eyes away from the truth of the needs is too late. He already knows the needs. Perhaps he should know them better than he does, but he *knows* them. He may smother them but he still *knows* them. He may tell about places where "charity begins at home," but this does not alter the fact that somewhere he has been told that needs of the body, mind, community and spirit exist in staggering proportions in the world, and that Christ has called us to open our hearts to meet them. He may rationalize his expenditures for his luxuries, and peel off token amounts to church as "one of the charities."

Awareness involves. There is no permissible escape. Self-preference and prejudice may enter in, but after all, the Christian is a part of the main. His stewardship is not matched to a legal code, but to the heart of Christianity. If the tithe approximates his best giving, the tithe is for him. More or less than the tenth also falls within the scope of the Christian faith. ■

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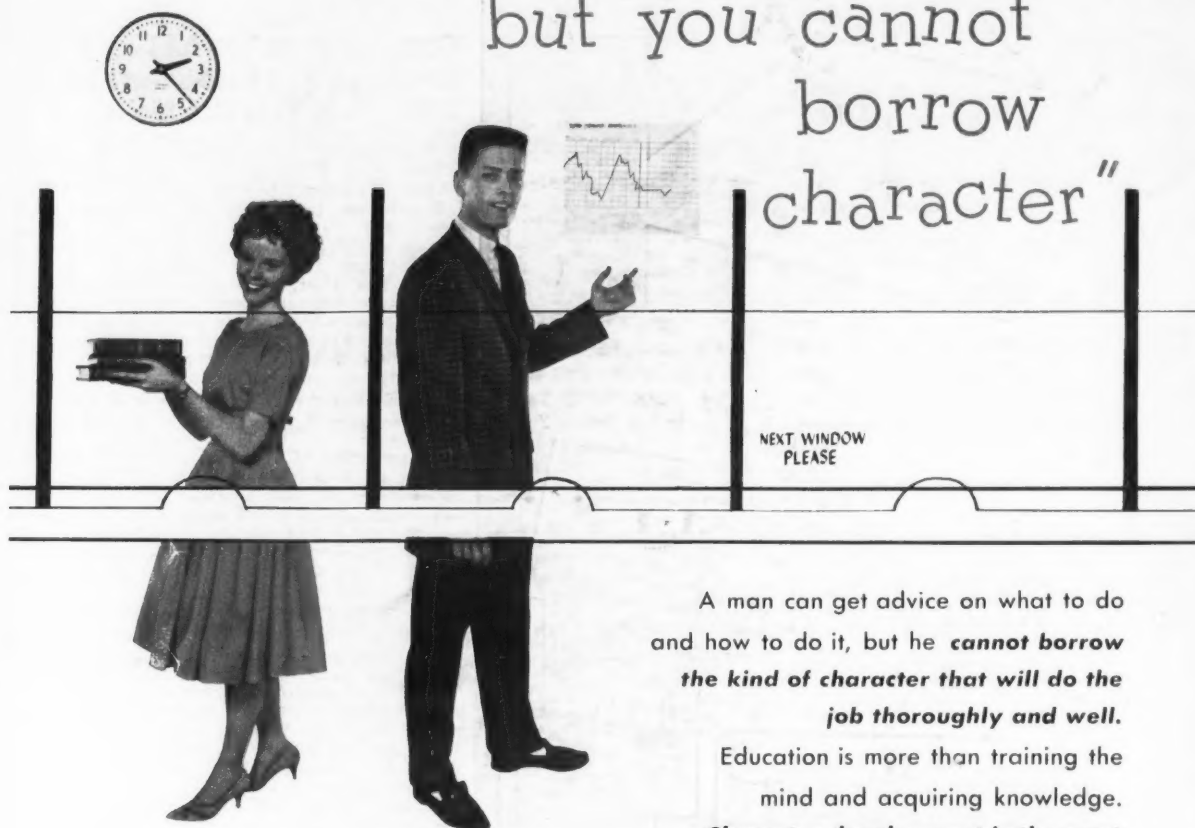
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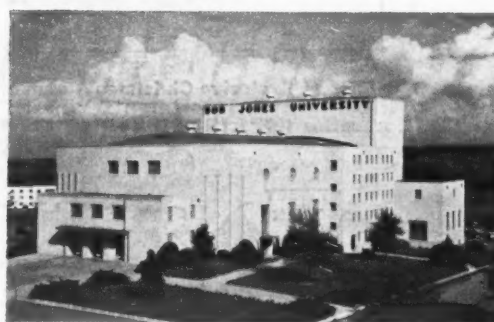
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